

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

22nd Year. No. 7.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



The Commissioner is Anxious to Enrol 10,000 Members in the Praying League. Will You be a Leaguer? Send in Your Name to the Commissioner.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

God broke our years to hours and days that, hour by hour,
Just going on a little way, we might be able
All along to keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life be laid across our shoulders,
And the future, rife with woe and struggle, meet us,
Face to face at just one place,
We could not go, our feet would stop, and so God lays
A little on us every day, and never, I believe, in all the way.
Will burdens bear so deep, or pathways lie so threatening and so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power, we only bear the burdens of the hour.

INFIDELITY BREAKS DOWN BEFORE DEATH.

A remarkable story of the utter insufficiency of infidelity is reported from Brisbane, Australia.

A notorious criminal, named James Watson, passed through our officers' hands in Melbourne, but stubbornly refused their message of mercy. He afterwards went to Brisbane, where, for the sake of his money, he shot a poor old man in cold blood.

When sentenced to death the hardened criminal sought counsel and comfort of an infidel companion. But as the fatal day drew near, the man's courage failed him, his infidelity took wings, and on his last morning on earth he pleaded that the infidel should not be permitted to see him, but that the chaplain should attend him.

As he went tremblingly to the scaffold he repeated the Lord's Prayer, and among his last words were, "I, here be a heaven, I hope that mercy will be shown me."

WHAT HE LIVED FOR.

The story is told of an old colored man, who had been a slave and was used to the severest kind of labor. There was no need of a slave-driver for him, however, as his tasks were conscientiously performed.

"Corporal," as the old slave was called, was a Christian, and believed with an unalterable firmness in the truths brought to him. In his own simple way he was a good deal of a philosopher, and did not a little good by the everyday showing of his quiet faith. Finally the time came for "Corporal" to leave this world.

The doctor said to him: "Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die."

"Bless you, doctor, don't let that bother you; that's what I've been living for," said Corporal, with the happiest of smiles.

YES AND NO.

Don't fear too much the enemy you make by saying "No," nor trust too much the friend you make by saying "Yes." The young man or woman who wants to please all the influential people possible, and desires to agree with everybody, is not the one who comes out with the most friends or the most success in the end.

THE IMMORTALITY OF A THOUGHT.

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that, as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it, and created it from the whole past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest, that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself, and as the history of the world.—Carlyle.

THE PLACE OF THE HUMAN WILL IN SALVATION.

In Holman Hunt's famous picture of "Christ, the Light of the World," there is no latch on the door outside.

Christ stands knocking, waiting to be ad-

mitted, but the ivy-festooned door must open from the inside.

Our Lord never destroys the will. It is always "Whosoever will," or "Ye will not," that secures or loses us salvation.

To Jerusalem, with tears of bitter sorrow, He said, "I would, but ye would not!"

Bridge Over Highest Falls.

The Opening of the Great Railway Bridge Over Victoria Falls.

The new bridge was formally opened on September 12th by the President of the British Association, Professor Darwin, who made a speech to the assembled visitors in the middle of the bridge, where the train had drawn up.

A Remarkable Engineering Achievement.

The wonderful cataract of the Zambesi River, now known as the Victoria Falls, was first discovered by David Livingstone on the 22nd of November, 1855. The natives call it "Mosi-o-tuni," meaning "the roaring smoke."

It is said that twenty miles away the spray thrown back from the tremendous chasm into which the river falls appears like a column of smoke rising from a burning village. It is, in fact, a river nearly a mile wide, suddenly swallowed by a gash in the earth's surface. The water, when it has fallen 360 feet, escapes by a narrow zig-zag gorge, which continues for some fifty miles. It is across this gorge that the great Victoria Falls Bridge has been built, and which the British Association visited and declared open. Niagara is dwarfed by the Victoria Falls, for its height is only 160 feet, compared with the nearly 400 feet of the African cataract.

The Bridge Has Broken Many Records.

It is nearly 400 feet above the water—that is to say, about forty feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. It has been built in record time, according to Sir Charles Metcalf, with record accuracy, and at record cost. The bridge in no way spoils the view of the falls, for care has been taken that no township shall spring up in the immediate vicinity lest the natural beauty of the scene should be blemished.

The site was an ideal one for the purposes of building, for there is scarcely a rock harder than the basalt on each side of the gorge. There was no element of chance or uncertainty about the building of the bridge, and little short of an earthquake would damage it. The cost was £70,000, and Mr. Hobson, the designer, declares that, with proper care it should last for a century. It has been constructed to bear the strain of the heaviest locomotives.

One of the most interesting phases of the work was the initial one of

Getting the Material Across.

For half the bridge was built out from either side. A stout steel cable, 870 feet long, was drawn across the ravine, being fixed to a steel tower at each end. A carriage, driven by electricity, and with a carrying capacity of five tons, carried across the sections of half the bridge, as well as the rolling stock and all the materials for fifty miles of railway.

Already the line extends for 400 miles on the northern side of the falls towards the foot of Lake Tanganyika, but by precisely what route it will reach Cairo is still a matter for consideration.

GOLD DUST.

Gathered by Margaret Lewis.

"The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest."

"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in
Other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
Then shalt thou see it gleam in many eyes.
Then will pure light about thy way be shed."

"No wind serves him who has no destined port."

"It is no use running—to set out betimes is the main point."

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

"You must live each day to thy very best.
The work of the world is done by few—
God asks that a part be done by you."

"Friend, all the world's a little queer, ex-
cepting thee and me; and sometimes I think
thee a trifle peculiar."

"The present, the present is all that thou hast
For thy sure possessing.
Like the Patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing."

"The little worries that we meet to-day
May be as stumbling-blocks across our way;
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Lord, to Thee."

"To thine own self be true, and it must
needs follow, as sure as night the day, thou
canst not then be false to any."

"Discontent is want of self-reliance; it is
infringement of the will."

"There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it scarcely behooves the most of us
To talk about the rest of us."

"No power in society, no hardship in your
condition, can depress you, keep you down in
knowledge, virtue, influence, but by your own
consent."

"Never bear more than one kind of trouble
at once. Some people bear three—all they
have had, all they have now, all they expect
to have."

"Under all winters lie flowers."

"This one thing I do, or these forty things
I dabble in—which shall it be?"

"If we neglect to exercise any talent,
power, or quality, it soon falls away from
us."

"Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest
it take thee a prisoner. A word unspoken is
like the sword in the scabbard—thine. If
vented, thy sword is in another's hand."

"Aspire, break bonds, endeavor to be good,
and better still, and best."

"In life's small things be resolute and
great."

O heart, be soft and true
While thou dost beat;
O hand, be swift to do;
O lips, be sweet.

—Mary Frances Butts.

To lose control is to lose the key to any
situation. No man who cannot hold himself
in hand can expect to hold others. It has
been well said that, in any discussion or dis-
agreement with another, if you are in the
wrong, you cannot afford to lose your temper,
and if you are in the right there is no occasion
to. Or, as a lawyer has wittily put it, "Pos-
session is nine points of the law; self-pos-
session is ten."—Exchange.

Be quiet. Why this anxious heed

About thy tangled ways?

God knows them all, He giveth speed,
And He allows delays.

—E. W.

One of Our Locals.

Life-Sketch of Sergt.-Major Wilcox, of Wabana Mines, Nfld.

Surely if ever a boy had a good chance and start in life it was T. M. Wilcox. Native of Brigus, Newfoundland, brought up under a good mother and father's influence, with a strict view of Sabbath observance, and a liberal education, Tom was in "luck's way" from his first launch out as a telegraph operator.

An opportunity for exhibiting painstaking skill came unexpectedly when relieving the agent at Topsail railway station.

An important train order came to hand which required dexterous handling and absolute certainty, or a collision would have resulted.

The following day the young supply clerk received a letter from the General Agent, asking if he would like to go to St. John's to learn the railroad business, with a view to taking a station later on. It was a good offer, and young Wilcox jumped at it.

Six weeks later he was on his way to take charge of Broad Cove station, Trinity Bay.

Up to this time life's prospects smiled, and little did he dream of the enemy's plan to wreck them, or how near he was to the traps laid.

The Whiskey Bottle.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him."

Whence did he get that fatal drink of "hell-fire water" which was the first plunge downward on a reckless career? We cannot say. We only know that when train time arrived Tom Wilcox staggered to his feet with an ugly lurch, roused by one of the company's servants. The love of the cursed stuff grew with hell-born rapidity and strength, and the memory of some of the awful deeds and grievous misdeeds which followed through drinking habits is as a ghastly nightmare which brings back a shudder to-day.

"I have drunk," says the Sergeant-Major, "with the 'three-thousand-dollar-a-year' man out of his silver cup, and I have drunk with those whom I considered veritable drunkards. What did it matter, so long as my thirst was appeased, and I could have what I wanted?"

"Once on return to partial consciousness I found myself by the side of a road nearly strangled. My misery was intense, for one awful fact stood out clearly—I was unfit to die, and yet I was painfully near death's door."

But the effect of this escape soon wore off. Sunday came, and he chose to remain all day at his station with a jar of whiskey on the table, just to have a real feast.

Sin never goes singly, so it is not surprising to learn that neglect of duty and reckless carelessness followed suit.

One day, under intoxication, he called up the head office with the report, "No. 1 arrived

and left at such a time," even whilst the train was yet at a standstill in the station.

Before she left, however, he jumped aboard, and went whither he had a mind to, although, of course, he had no business to leave his post of duty.

"I don't think there are many sound panels in the doors at Broad Cove stationhouse," confesses the Sergt.-Major, "for I broke them with my fist."

□ □ □

"Where were you yesterday evening?" called up the headquarters officer, "we could not get you."

"Out in the freight room," was the prompt lie carried back on the wires. "I didn't hear you calling. My instruments could not have been adjusted."

As a matter of fact he was boozing four or five miles distant. It was easy enough to get aboard a hand-car and go out for a spree with the section men, even when there was no train leaving.

As for "leave of absence," young Wilcox satisfied his conscience with "French leave."

How He Got Fired.

A minister sent an important telegram to Harbor Grace, which required an answer.

"I'm coming out in the evening," said Wilcox to the man-servant, "and if the answer comes before that I'll bring it with me."

Long ere the reply arrived a new supply of whiskey came on the train, and Wilcox did not wait his appointed hour, but left with the mail man driving to New Harbor. He had been drinking cold whiskey up to now, but knowing a place where drink was sold on the sly, he now ordered "hot port wine."

Soon after that the minister, impatient for his answer, came to the door. Wilcox had to face him, although he was in sorry trim and could by no means conceal his actual state. He was reported to the head office, and as a consequence got three months' notice of dismissal.

Another Chance.

A petition was sent in, and resulted in the station of Topsail being offered to young Wilcox. He went, and new opportunities opened before him. There were licensed houses in this village and a dancing saloon.

Having spent the whole night dancing, and consequently feeling unfit for work next day, Wilcox determined to have a drink before dinner. But neither did he turn up at his railway station or boarding house that day.

In the summer time an excursion train runs on Sundays to Holyrood from St. John's. It was an easy matter to call up the St. John's office, report the train, and board her for a visit to the liquor saloon at Holyrood, where even on Sundays liquor was on sale.

Caught Drunk at Home.

"Once, with two companions, I drove to Brigus, my old home," he tells us, "and for the first time my parents saw me in a drunk-

en condition. My father, who was a sealing captain, was terribly grieved and sternly forbade me any liquor the next morning ere I returned to Topsail. But I was determined to have it, and with a friend (?) started out in search.

That was the last time I saw my father, alas! for I did not return home again, and whilst I was in Montreal he died. My heart had grown hard through sin persisted in. I made one or two weak efforts to reform by joining temperance societies, but they only ended in a broken pledge."

Fired the Second Time.

Continuing his story, our comrade says: "I was granted three days' absence, and started once more for my old home, Brigus, although I never touched there. I hardly know how it happened, save that whiskey played the prominent part in the whole train of circumstances. At every stage of the journey I became less conscious, and more wildly reckless of my conduct.

The conductor urged me at Woodford station to board the cars before the train was in motion, declaring he would not allow me to do so afterwards. But I heeded not, and as the train moved on and I attempted once more to get aboard he gave me a violent push and I found myself left.

I felt miserable and defeated, but drove by road to Salmon Cove, now known as Avondale, where I spent a queer old night. The next morning the craving for drink still held me.

My recollections are hazy and uncertain, but a woman's form, with bottle in one hand and glass in the other, floats before me. Then I boarded the train again, and the conductor had all he could manage to keep me from falling off the platform.

When next I awoke I found myself in a house in Spaniard's Bay. Had been left there "to sleep it off." After this I disgraced myself at one of my relations, and when I reached Topsail station again found a summons awaiting me to appear before the manager at St. John's. There was the conductor who had pushed me off, and a brakesman, too, to witness to my drunken, dissolute state.

The manager gave me my discharge. Once again I had squandered my opportunity and disgraced my character.

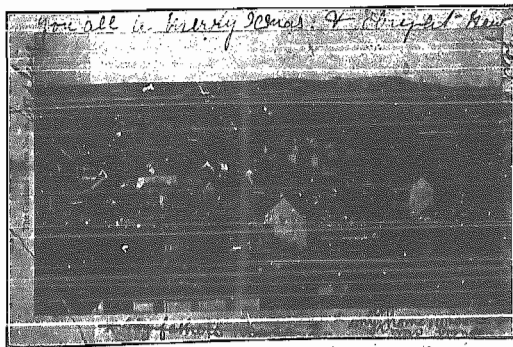
The next three months were spent in the Cable Office at North Sydney, where my brother obtained a position for me, warning me at the onset that "any sign of liquor on me would close my door of opportunity."

But poor, weak, foolish Tom had not yet measured his own folly, nor did he steer clear of the breakers which threatened his destruction. Alas! there are always those who are ready to tempt and allure men to further degradation.

It may have been a plot, but one night after the proprietor had liberally treated Wilcox and his pal, he was especially invited into the dining-room, and offered another glass.

Whether or not it was drugged he never knew, but for a little time he almost thought his time had come, and the fumes of the pernicious stuff seemed to cleave to him with the tenacity of sulphur!

(Continued on page 14)



View of Brigus, Nfld.

The General's Victorious Week-End IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX SOULS IN THE SALVATION NET.

The General spent an October week-end at Wolverhampton and Madeley, with record attendances and results. Saturday night a soldiers' council was announced, which, indeed, proved a feast of fat things for the privileged men and women who sat spell-bound as the General poured out his heart. From the British Cry we cull the following extracts:

"You are my family as well as my soldiers," says the General, and they cheer lustily. These are the sentiments exactly. Every one of them has his own little link of reminiscence or experience that makes his attachment to our leader one of affection and reality.

If we could only get at the thoughts behind these glistening eyes, these eager faces, we would find that the Divine influences that issue from the General's lips and pen and radiate from his matchless personality make him of more importance to many wives than almost any other human being, while to many a soot-grimed toiler he is of greater value than his employer.

Look at the brawny fellow over there—one of the Wolverhampton men who make the iron. Some time ago that man might have been seen stealthily carrying a sharpened chopper into the house from the coal cellar. He scowls at his wife as he puts the weapon into a cupboard close to his chair. "The next time thee starts thy games," he says to himself, "I'll finish thee!"

One night, while the chopper lay in the cupboard, the wife was converted at the army, and in her little home she sang as she worked—

"Sinful and black though the past may have been,

Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I lean.
Cleansing for me."

The husband listened—and was conquered. He went to the Army, was converted, and the sharpened chopper was put back in the coalhouse.

Wild Men in Wesley's Time.

"This furious town. Such a number of wild men I have seldom seen," wrote John Wesley when he paid his first visit to Wolverhampton in 1761. Wild men there still are in this great town of a hundred thousand inhabitants, with its engineering shops, foundries, iron and steel works, and collieries—and women as well, many of them, too, alas! more drunken than their husbands, and greater gamblers, too. Their children, following hard in the footsteps of such parents, swear, toss their halpence, and arrange sweepstakes on football matches before they can spell their own names.

Revival in trade, fine buildings, municipal progress, even the splendid audience, mostly composed of well-dressed men, which filled the beautiful Empire Theatre on Sunday morning—these things cannot blind Salvationists to the fact that sin abounds, and that never-dying souls are going heedless and unheeded to hopeless perdition.

The General, in an address of overwhelming, shattering force, yet withal of great winsomeness, startled and alarmed every sinner and half-hearted professor in the building. Looking down from the stage we could see some start affrighted, as though they heard the crack of doom, when the General stamped his foot on the hollow floor and declared the unvarnished truth about sin and righteousness and judgment to come. "God Almighty is your owner," he cries in one of his most striking passages, "and if He is to be your Judge don't you think it is time you were getting ready, ready, ready to meet Him?"

That was the goal of the General's wonderful exposition and appeal—to get the peo-

ple ready—ready for the fight, ready for death, and ready for judgment.

At the close thirty-three seekers were counted at the mercy seat.

The night meeting was a triumph. Quite 2,500 people were crowded into the Theatre, which, by the way, Mr. W. H. Lennon, the courteous manager, had lent the Army free of charge.

The General was weary, but there was no feebleness about his address. By warning, reproof, and entreaty, our leader aroused every soul in the theatre. The Christ-rejector, the backslider, the pleasure-seeker were driven into a corner by the flaming sword of Divine truth.

The General sat down exhausted in body, though dauntless in spirit. The net was pulled in by Colonel Lawley and Colonel Whatmore, and amidst truly remarkable scenes, during which the groans of anguish from the penitents mingled with the praises of sinners, whose chains had been snapped asunder, 105 sinners found salvation, making 156 at the mercy seat for the week-end.

The General on the Scene of Fletcher's Labors.

After a strenuous and gloriously-successful week-end at Wolverhampton, the General visited Madeley. The ancient and beautiful red-brick town was gaily decorated with flags and emblems of welcome.

The General's lecture in the afternoon was presided over by the Mayor of Wenlock, Alderman John Davies, and the Anstice Memorial Institute was packed with an enthusiastic audience, many traveling a considerable distance in order to see and hear the man who has applied Fletcher's daring, soul-saving tactics in this village to a parish as wide as the world itself.

In the forenoon the General and his Staff had the privilege of viewing the many relics of the sainted vicar which still exist, although he died in 1784; also the room where he passed away, and the room in the vicarage in which John Wesley slept many times.

The Vicar of Madeley, Rev. G. E. Yate, who is over eighty years of age, showed us these impressive mementoes, and as he did so the General's pithy comments proved that our beloved leader is perfectly familiar with

Fletcher's life and labors, and a sincere admirer of his spirit.

Perhaps the most impressive spot was the corner in the study where Fletcher used to pray. Standing there, we read in an old "Life" of the blood-and-fire vicar—

"For three months successively his request was continued, till an answer was obtained, which was not till the wall of his chamber could exhibit proof of his vehement intercession, that part of it against which he was accustomed to kneel appearing deeply stained with the breath he had spent in fervent supplication."

"Ah," said the General, "that is real prayer—the prayer God answers. Oh, that every Salvationist would intercede like that on the Day of Prayer!"

We also saw the grave of Fletcher's adopted daughter, to whom the vicar said with his dying breath, "Shout, Sally, 'God is love!'"

"They believed in shouting in those days. Let us all shout louder to warn the wicked," commented the General.

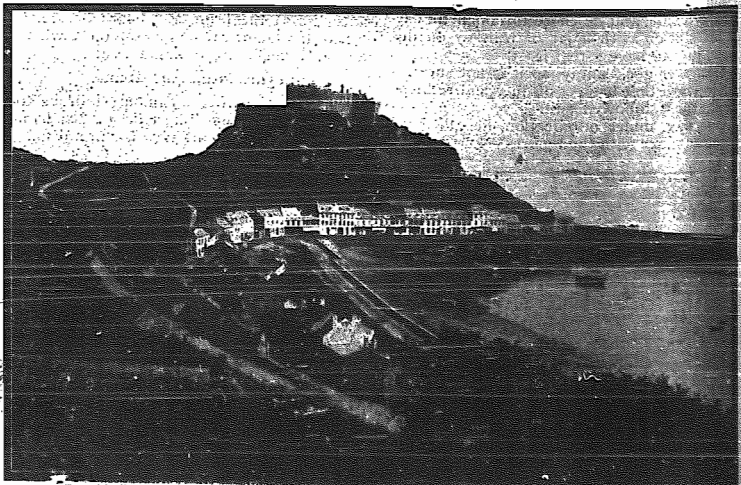
It was an impressive moment when our leader entered Fletcher's own little oak pulpit, which John Wesley also occupied. Standing out beautiful and venerable, yet with features aglow with an amazing youthful freshness, the General prayed, while God and four Salvationists present listened in the sunlight that flooded the old-world garden and streamed through the door—

"Oh, Lord God of heaven, Thou art the same in all ages! Thou whose presence did overshadow the labor and dwell in the heart of that holy man while he proclaimed Thy truth and Thy salvation from this pulpit in which we stand, dwell in us and direct us. Oh, Thou blessed and loving Saviour, here we thank Thee for the power given to his tongue and prayers and pen. We thank Thee for saving him, and keeping him, and guiding him safe to the realms above. And now we pray that Thy Holy Spirit may, in a fuller measure, rest upon us. May Thy Spirit, which dwelt so richly in John Fletcher, dwell in our hearts, and lead us to exert the same self-sacrificing toil to bring salvation to the souls for whom Thou hast died. And may we all fight, and fight, and fight until we see John Fletcher in heaven. Amen!"—J. P. Y.

"When you find yourself overpowered with melancholy," said John Keble, "the best way is to go and do something kind to somebody or other."

Thousands who to-day are sitting in the daily gloom of self-created misery, would lose it if they began to care for others.

Some men would rather be an electric light for themselves than be a light for the world.



Mount Orgueil Castle, Island of Jersey.

The Patent Medicine Plague

ALCOHOL AND DRUGS IN WHITE ROBES—HOW INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE INDUCED TO LAY THE FOUNDATION FOR FEARFUL APPETITES—WORSE THAN WHISKEY.

"And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."—2 Cor. xi. 14.

MEDICINE is looked upon as a great blessing to the sick, alleviating their suffering and curing their diseases. Men's opinions differ as to the value of medicine and the virtue of certain kinds. There are various schools of the art of healing, but be that as it may, there are doubtless certain means to lessen pain and to cure ailments which can be used as means.

Many people, on the other hand, are impressionable, and they never knew they were sick until they read one of those patent medicine advertisements which fill the pages of the daily press. Therein a certain cure is advertised for a number of diseases, and, lest you don't know when you are on the highway to consumption, or catarrh, etc., a number of symptoms are given. Have you that tired feeling? Does your back ache? Does your head feel heavy? Do you have no appetite in the morning? Do you feel heavy after dinner? or drowsy after supper? And so on. Of course, there is not a healthy person living who does not "feel tired," or after some heavy lifting feels it in the back, or does not feel drowsy after a heavy dinner. A little exercise and a few smiles would be the quickest cure. But people read those symptoms and feel convinced that tuberculosis is lurking in their system, or that nervous prostration is coming on. They fail to perceive the cold-blooded attempt of the manufacturer of the medicine to suggest sickness in order to induce buying.

This is no exaggeration. Look!

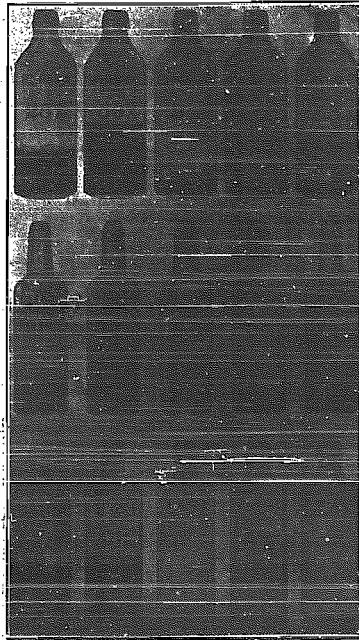
Seventy-five Million Dollars

are spent annually for patent medicine in the United States alone.

We wish to state distinctly that we have no mission against any particular proprietary medicine, but there are a few facts that ought to be known and understood by the people.

It is certainly high time that public attention was attracted and public conscience aroused to the detrimental facts that are known about the majority of so-called patent medicines. There may be a percentage of such medicines which are reputable and bear the examination of physicians, but it is well

known among those qualified to speak in the matter that many of these concoctions have as the potent constituent alcohol, opiates, or narcotics. In other words, instead of curing the ailments they claim to cure, they either:



Alcohol in "Medicines" and in Liquors.

stimulate or stupefy. An opiate, for instance, will deaden pain for the time being, but that is not curing it. Many headache powders contain the most powerful narcotics, and while quieting the headache for the time, have a more disastrous and lasting evil effect.

These drugs are powerful and dangerous heart depressants, or insidious liver stimulants. They leave in their after effect constitutional evils that often make the devotee a drunkard or a drug fiend.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, in Collier's Weekly, leads a very formidable attack against some of the nostrums sold as patent medicines, and gives a few instances of their effect, which we reprint for the benefit of our readers.

One Dead, Two in the D. T.'s.

"Pinedale, Wyoming, Oct. 4.—(Special).—Two men suffering from delirium tremens and one dead is the result of a Peruna intoxication which took place here two days ago. C. E. Armstrong, of this place, and a party of three others, started out on a camping trip to the Yellowstone country, taking with them several bottles of whiskey, and ten bottles of Peruna, which one of the members of the party was taking as a tonic. The trip lasted over a week, the whiskey was exhausted, and for two days the party was without liquor. At last someone suggested that they use Peruna, of which nine bottles remained. Before they stopped the whole remaining supply had been consumed and the four men were in a state of intoxication, the like of which they had never known before. Finally, one awoke with 'terrible' cramps in his stomach, and found his companions seemingly in an almost

lifeless condition. Suffering terrible agony, he crawled on his hands and knees to a ranch, over a mile distant, the process taking him half a day. Aid was sent to his three companions. Armstrong was dead when the rescue party arrived. The other two men, still unconscious, were brought to town in a wagon, and are still in a weak and emaciated condition. Armstrong's body was almost tied in a knot, and could not be straightened for burial."

Unconscious Drunkenness.

Another example of this "unconscious drunkenness" is recorded by the Journal of the American Medical Association:

"A respected clergyman fell ill, and the family physician was called. After examining the patient carefully, the doctor asked for a private interview with the patient's adult son.

"I am sorry to tell you that your father undoubtedly is suffering from chronic alcoholism," said the physician.

"Chronic alcoholism! Why, that's ridiculous! Father never drank a drop of liquor in his life, and we know all there is to know about his habits."

"Well, my boy, it's chronic alcoholism, nevertheless, and at this present moment your father is drunk. How has his health been recently? Has he been taking any medicine?"

"Why, for some time, six months I should say, father has often complained of feeling unusually tired. A few months ago a friend of his recommended 'Peruna' to him, assuring him that it would build him up. Since then he has taken many bottles of it, and I am quite sure that he has taken nothing else."

A Horrified Victim.

"I knew an estimable lady from the Middle West who visited her dissipated brother in New York—dissipated from her point of view, because she was a pillar of the W.C.T.U., and he frequently took a cocktail before dinner and came back with it on his breath, whereupon she would weep over him. One day she appeared much disturbed at the table, when her brother rudely cried out, 'You are drunk.'

"She promptly and properly went into hysterics. A physician who attended diagnosed the case more politely but to the same effect, and ascertained that she had consumed something like half a bottle of Kilmer's Swamp Root that afternoon. Now, Swamp Root is a very creditable 'booze,' but much weaker in alcohol than most of its class. The brother was greatly amused, until he discovered to his alarm that his drink-abhorring sister couldn't get along without her patent medicine bottle! She was on a fair way, quite innocently, to becoming a drunkard."

A well-known authority on drug-addictions writes to Mr. Adams:

"A number of physicians have called my attention to the use of Peruna, both preceding and following alcohol and drug addictions. Lydia Pinkham's Compound is another dangerous drug used largely by drinkers; Paine's Celery Compound also. I have, in the last two years, met four cases of persons who drank Peruna in large quantities to intoxication. This was given them originally as a tonic. They were treated under my care as simple alcoholics."

Dr. Ashbel P. Grinnell, of New York City, who has made a satisfactory study of patent medicines, asserts as a provable fact that more alcohol is consumed in this country in patent medicines than is dispensed in a legal way by licensed liquor vendors, barring the sales of ale and beer.

A Postal Report.

The U. S. A. courts recently upheld the postal authorities in their decision to exclude from mails advertising matter about a certain medicine, "Robusta," said to cure weak men. The objections were enumerated as follows:

"That the advertising and circular statements circulated through the mails were materially and substantially false, with the re-

(Continued on page 15.)

USUAL REMEDY FOR DRUNKENNESS AND ALL OTHER DRUGS

PATENT NOSTRUM.

BEFORE USING. AFTER USING.

MORAL.

Don't Dose Yourself with secret Patent Medicines. Almost all of which are frauds and humbugs. When sick consult a Doctor and take his Prescription. It is the only sensible way as you'll find it cheaper in the end.

ECONOMICAL DRUG.

A Window Exhibit in a Chicago Drug Store.



Young People's Page.



The Duke's Stone.

A certain duke, who was himself both kind and wise, was made sad by the way that people showed so little kindly thought for the good of others, and he began to wonder how many would take the trouble to do an act of kindness if they were to receive no thanks for it, nor have any hope of reward.

As he thought about the matter, a plan came to his mind by which he thought he could put the question which troubled him to a test. And this is what he did.

One night he dressed himself in a workman's clothes, and putting a bag of gold into his pocket, he went quietly out of his great castle alone; then, taking a spade from a tool-house in the garden, he walked some distance away—walked until he reached a narrow part of the road. Here he stopped, dug a hole,

Placed the Bag of Gold Therein,

and covered it over with a big stone. "Now," said he to himself, "who moves that stone for my brother's good shall find the bag of gold."

Next day a watch was kept behind the hedge from early morning till late at night, to see what would happen.

The sun had scarcely risen when Hans, the farmer's man, came down the road with his lumbering ox-cart, and when he saw

the stone he steered his cart aside to miss it, and exclaimed with indignation, "I wonder what careless fool has left a stone like that lying in the road!"

Later in the morning a soldier came along, with his shoulders back and his plumed head lifted high towards the sky; he flipped his cane and hummed a merry tune as he walked with swaggering air, when suddenly he kicked the stone, and

Fell Headlong upon the Dusty Road.

His words were not sweet to hear as he cursed the country blockheads for putting rocks upon the king's highway.

Later on, again, there came some merchants, journeying on to sell their wares at a village fair, and the company divided in two so as to pass on each side of the stone, saying one to another, as they did so, it was a disgrace to the duke, the owner of the estate, to leave a stone like that in the road to the danger of every passer-by; but it was no business of theirs to move it, and so walked on.

Thus day after day passed, and the stone still lay upon the ground, until three weeks had gone; then a message was sent to all the people round by the duke, ordering them to meet him at Dorchester (this being the spot where the stone was placed), that they might receive his commands.

Obedient to his word, a crowd assembled, and soon a morn was held, and a lordly cavalcade drew near the duke and his household.

When he reached the crowd he sprang from the saddle, and with a pleasant smile he addressed the people. He said: "Three weeks ago I placed here this stone to see who would move it out of the way for the sake of the safety of the travelers who passed, but each one, grumbling, left it where it was. Here the stone stood, and now, rolled away the stone and, taking out the bag of gold, held it aloft for all to see, and on it they read in large letters, 'For him who lifts the stone.'"

You can imagine the vexation and disappointment of these people.

"Had They Only Known!"

Yes, had they only done the little deed of moving the stone from its place, lest a brother passing along should stumble over it to his hurt, the treasure had been theirs. Let it be written upon your heart—that a selfish want of thought for others will ever cause you to miss the treasure life contains.

How little thought there is for other people we see every day as we walk through the streets of a busy town. We see it in the infuriated rush of the motor car and the mad speed of the scorching bicycle, down to the throwing of orange peel and banana skins upon the pavement.

Selfish, thoughtless, sooner or later, always brings sorrow; kindly thoughtfulness, sooner or later, always brings its treasure.

The Ocean Telegraph.

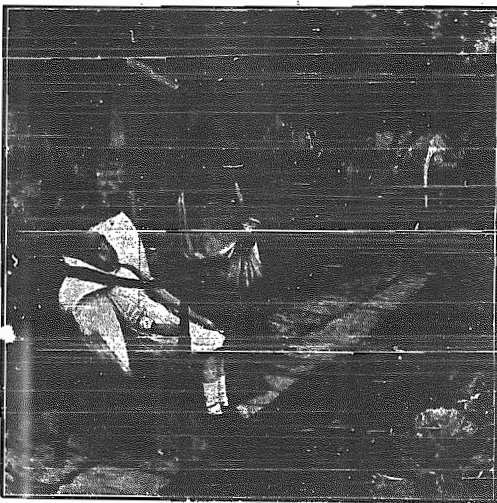
The Story of a Great Industry Which Has Rendered Communication Between all parts of the World Wonderfully Swift and Easy.

(Concluded.)

Almost simultaneously Wheatstone, in England, and Morse, in America, began to transmit electric currents through water, but what "made the fortune" of submarine telegraphy was the discovery that gutta-serena could be used for the purpose of insulating copper wires.

After being sent "from pillar to post" by the Government, with the usual barren results, the Messrs. Brett astonished the Boulogne fishermen with the new sort of seaweed—referred to previously, and although their cable was a commercial failure it showed what could be done.

In 1858 the Dover-Calais cable was successfully laid, and people laughed no more at the idea of communicating by wire under the sea. Several other short lines followed, and then came the era of Atlantic cables, ever to be identified with the names of John Watkins Brett, Charles Tilston Bright, and Cyrus West Field. In this connection it is interesting to note that although the project emanated from America, it was chiefly supported by British capital. The Atlantic Telegraph Company was registered



O mother's love! O mother's care!
How self-erasing given.
Alas! its memory oft comes late,
When mother's gone to heaven.

In 1856, and was soon treated to the wildest suggestions, one proposal being to fasten the cable across between buoys, floats and parachutes, at which ships might pull up for the purpose of communicating with the shore. However, the promoters of the line knew what they were about, and went to work with the determination to succeed, and in 1858 the cable was safely landed in Newfoundland, while a royal salute, making the neighboring rocks and mountains reverberate, announced that the communication between the Old and New World had been completed.

The laying of this cable was one demonstration of the perfect practicability of what had been termed "a mad freak of stubborn ignorance," and led to the speedy development of the cable systems of the world as we know them to-day. Now, there is a perfect network of submarine communication, and it is as common a thing for a merchant to cable to New York, Cape Town, or Melbourne, as it is for him to telephone home from his city office.

That other developments, based on wireless telegraphy, are impending, there is no doubt; but the submarine cable will always play its part—and that must be a large one—in circulating the world's news and messages throughout its regions from pole to pole.

Repairing the Cables.

Away out in the Red Sea, on the way to Australia, the passenger gazing over the expanse of bright blue water will notice a business-like looking vessel,

something like a glorified collier, either quite stationary or pottering about as though the Red Sea in the summer time was a place delightful to linger in.

In answer to his questions he will be told that it is "a cable ship"; and if he was privileged to go on board he would find that the interior arrangements are designed with a view to the "passengers" being away from home for long periods at a time. The multiplicity of the cables has necessitated the building of special repairing and patrolling ships, and these are provided with the most complicated and powerful machinery for "picking up" the cables, dealing with them, paying out new sections, etc.

The engineers who had to do the best they could with the appliances on board the Great Eastern—that unwieldy monster which caused such a diversity of trouble to all who had to do with it—would have stared with astonishment at the engines, the screw brakes, and the sounding machines—capable of sounding a depth of five thousand fathoms—on board these modern floating workshops.

They are the adjuncts of a system which stands unrivalled as a triumph of intelligence over difficulties and the forces of nature, and on board of them are men who "serve the present age" as bravely and as truly as does "the handy man" of the British warship.

QUAINT OLD EPITAPHS.

On the Duke of Marlborough:

"Here lies John, Duke of Marlborough,
Who ran the French through and through;
He married Sarah Jennings, spinster,
Died at Windsor and was buried at Westminster."

In St. Bennet's, Paul's, London:

"Here lies one More, and no more than he,
One More and no More! How can that be?
Why one More, and no more may well lie here alone;
But here lies one More, and that's more than one!"

From Broom churchyard, Worcester-shire.

"God be praised!
Here lies Mr. Dudley, senior,
And Jane, his wife, also,
Who, while living was his superior;
But see what death can do.
Two of his sons also lie here,
One Walter, 'other Joe;
They all of them went in the year 1519 below."

In St. Michael's churchyard, Aberystwyth, is another to the memory of David Davis, blacksmith:

"My sledge and hammer lay reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind.
My life's extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are driven, my work is done."

In the parish church at Bude is the following:

"Father and mother and I
Lies buried here asunder;
Father and mother lies buried here,
And I lies buried yonder."

In Cunwallow church, Cornwall. (It may be read either backward or forward):

"Shall we all die?
We shall die all,
All die shall we,
Die all we shall."

TRAINING SONGSTERS.

Put into a Room Where There are Only the Finest Singers.

In a storehouse in Greenwich Street, New York, there is a deafening chorus of canaries. Forty thousand birds are received and cared for till they can be separated and graded according to their singing qualities, and shipped to various parts of the country. The man who feeds them shows the seed into the cages with a sort of squirt-gun, and the water likewise. They are fed once a day, and are carefully watched for any evidence of disease, as well as to discover the best singers. A man whose ear is trained to wonderful acuteness wanders about amid the din, and now and then makes a halt to pick out a certain sweet singer, which appears to have a note finer than the others warbling around it. One songster makes another sing, and the birds are quick to imitate one another. When the songster is separated from its mate it is put into a room where there are only the finest singers. These are watched in turn to discover the rarest songsters of the special lot, and separated and graded according to value. The specially brilliant singers are shipped to the high-priced establishments, which leave standing orders for the best birds. The second grade go to the regular dealers, and finally the rank and file are disposed of to be distributed to street peddlers, who offer them from house to house for anything they will bring.

In Germany the rearing of canaries is an industry which brings millions of dollars every year from America. The Hartz district abounds in canary-breeders, and for some reason the mountain districts of Germany seem to furnish birds that have the sweetest notes and the widest range of song.

Watchword:

"PRAY
WITHOUT
CEASING."

I Thess. v. 17.

The Praying League.

By

MRS.
BLANCHE
JOHNSTON,
Secy.

Pray Especially for the Young People's Campaign.

Daily Bible Study for the Members of the
Praying League.

Saturday, Nov. 18.—Neh. iv. 15-23.
Sunday, Nov. 19.—Neh. viii. 1-12.
Monday, Nov. 20.—Neh. viii. 13-18; ix. 1-3.
Tuesday, Nov. 21.—Neh. ix. 4-19.
Wednesday, Nov. 22.—Neh. ix. 20-31.
Thursday, Nov. 23.—Neh. ix. 32-38; x. 28-30.
Friday, Nov. 24.—Neh. xii. 27-47.
Saturday, Nov. 25.—Esther i. 1-22.
Sunday, Nov. 26.—Esther ii. 5-15.
Monday, Nov. 27.—Esther iv. 1-17.
Tuesday, Nov. 28.—Esther v. 1-14.
Wednesday, Nov. 29.—Esther vi. 1-11.
Thursday, Nov. 30.—Esther vii. 2-10.
Friday, Dec. 1.—Esther viii. 3-16.
Saturday, Dec. 2.—Esther ix. 1-11.

The friends and comrades who have already joined, and who are purposing joining, the Praying League, are requested to make the Young People's Campaign, which is being inaugurated Nov. 19th, the subject of very earnest and fervent prayer.

Surely no more fitting subject could have been given us to pray for as a first special topic than the salvation of the young people of this our beloved Dominion. How important it is to reach and touch the hearts of the youth of our land.

All about them are snares and temptations. The enemy has scattered broadcast his allurements, and surely God's children should

be anxious for the welfare of the children—the boys and girls and the young men and women—who make glad the homes of fair Canada.

Oh, pray, mother, not only for the young people sheltered safely within the precincts of your own home, but pray for the "wandering boy" and the careless girl outside.

Pray, father, not only for the loving little brood gathered at your fireside, but for the children who are not so happily situated and sheltered as your flock.

Pray, parents, that the dear Army soldiers and officers, who are this week making a more desperate effort than usual to save the young, may have all Divine wisdom in dealing with their hearts and minds, and that they may be instrumental in bringing many to the Saviour whose command was, "Feed My lambs," as surely as it was "Feed My Sheep."

How many mothers' prayers have been answered at the Salvation Army penitent forms! How often we have seen the tear-stained face and listened to the trembling testimony, "My mother has been praying for me for years."

Oh, dear readers, pray with unwavering supplication for the saving of the young people. Pray that their dear young hearts may be softened, that all who deal with them may find the key which will give the entree to their hearts.

Next week we shall have something to say about young people consecrating themselves in answer to the prayers of parents, friends and guardians.

Tell Me About the Master.

Tell me about the Master!

I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light!
Light with a radiant glory

That lingers about the west;
My poor heart is weary, weary,
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of His anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the wrongs He freely forgave;
Of His love and tender compassion,
Of His love that was mighty to save.
For my heart is weary, weary
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood, and malice, and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow

Or pain or temptation be all,
The infinite Maker has suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

PRAYER.

Into almost every life there comes a time when all human life is unavailing, and when we feel a desperate need for some power and strength greater than our own. Then it is that we pour out our hearts in prayer, with all the earnestness of which we are capable; and yet often (so it seems to us) we get no answer. Take courage, weary heart! No true prayer ever fails to reach our Father's

ear, though His love, in His Divine wisdom, does not always see fit to grant our request in the way we wish. If we will draw close to Him, and speak to Him, as a child to a loving Father, all that is best in us will be strengthened. If we try to keep the thought of the nearness of His presence, and the protection of His everlasting arms in our mind, our love will increase until His will will be ours too; and the earnest seeker will find showers of dew to refresh the blossoms of faith, and hope, and trust, in the garden of our lives.—Constance Lester.

Prayer to the soul is like rain to the sun-dried heart—it heals and renews and renders it fertile, so that all heartfelt prayer brings a blessing quite apart from whether the specific boon for which we pray is granted or not. Most of us have to wait for the realization of our wishes; to wait is to be educated. But we must wait in faith, believing that even in the darkest sorrow "there is a hand that guides," and trusting "that good shall fall, at last, far off at last to all." To suffer and be strong is not easy, but courage grows with use. "Let all repiners think on Calvary and be still!"—Edith Vernon.

The prayer that avails is the one that lifts a man out of himself and his surroundings into the very presence of his God. And, as the moon cannot turn its face towards the sun without catching some of its radiance, as one cannot enter into a garden of beautiful lilies without imbibing some of their fragrance, so it is impossible for the spirit of a man to turn towards the Sun of Righteousness, or approach to the throne of illimitable grace, without rising from his prayer a better man. So in the purifying of his own soul his prayer is answered.—E. Harvey.

I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory, and my plea.

—Frances Havergal.

A PREACHER'S DREAM.

Things had been going very well with a certain preacher. He was able, earnest, and popular. His church was crowded, and both he and his people abounded in good works.

One night, worn out with toil, he fell asleep in his chair, and dreamed that a stranger came in carrying a pair of scales, a crucible, and a hammer.

"How is your zeal?" he asked.

The preacher was pleased, for he prided himself on his earnestness. In the dream it seemed to become a physical quality that could be handled; so he put his hand into his bosom, and gave it to the visitor, who took it gravely and silently, and put it in the scales. Then he heard him mutter: "Weight in mass 100 lbs.," and was delighted to think it weighed so much.

Next it was melted in the crucible, and poured out to cool. Presently the stranger gave it a few taps with his hammer, and instantly the different layers, into which it had formed, fell apart, and these were weighed separately, and the result noted on a sheet of paper. Then, with a grave, sad look, but in perfect silence, the visitor handed him this sheet, and left the room.

He read: "Analysis of the zeal of Junius, candidate for the Crown of Glory:—Zeal in bulk, 100 lbs. This is made up of Personal Ambition, so many parts; Bigotry, so many parts; Love of Praise, Love of Authority, and Pride of Denomination, so many; Love to God, 4 parts; and Love to Man, 3 parts. Total of Pure Zeal—7 parts out of 100."

He was attempting to dispute the accuracy of the record when he was startled by a deep sigh coming from the visitor who had lingered just outside the door. With that, a sudden mist of tears made the paper illegible. He fell on his knees, laying the condemning sheet on the ground before him, when, lo! it became a mirror in which he saw himself as he really was. Ah, the record was true!—Life of Faith.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

Dead Actor's Conversation with an Army Officer.

Two days before he passed away the late Sir Henry Irving said to an officer in Bradford, "The Salvation Army have my profoundest respect and sympathy in their noble work."

At the time of Sir Henry's last visit to the town, a Salvation Army Sale of Work was being organized in connection with Bradford I. corps.

On the Wednesday afternoon, the commanding officer, Ensign Jordan, called on Sir Henry at the Midland Hotel, and was most kindly received.

The officer explained the reason of his call, and Sir Henry listened attentively to the details of the work carried on by the Army in Bradford and elsewhere.

All the while Ensign Jordan was noticing that Sir Henry's kindly face looked weary and toil-worn. Perhaps his countenance betrayed something of the sympathy he felt, for the great actor, who, evidently feeling the strain of his own life's work and a heavy engagement before him, suddenly asked the officer if he ever got tired in his work.

"Yes, I do," said the Ensign, frankly.

"Ah," sighed Sir Henry, "I suppose all public men get tired in their work."

"True," replied the Ensign, "but, Sir Henry, we get much blessing in return for our toil."

"The Salvation Army," replied Sir Henry Irving, "have my profoundest respect, and my sympathy in their noble work. I shall be pleased to send you a donation by post."

The Ensign thanked Sir Henry and withdrew, and the next day a cheque duly arrived at the Army quarters in aid of the corps work.

Next night Sir Henry played his last part, and entered upon another stage.

THE WAR CRY.

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Promotions—

Lieut. Carrie Brass to be Captain.

Lieut. Sarah Gilbank to be Captain.

Lieut. J. Askin to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

DEATH IN THE POT.

In launching forth our article on "Patent" medicine we desire plainly to state that we have no quarrel with any particular manufacturer or firm, but the iniquitous effects described are such as to demand of the press which stands for righteousness and sobriety that public denunciation should be made in order to lead to some sort of restrictive measures on the part of the respective authorities to awaken the people to an understanding of the nature of the article which they now very largely purchase under a wrong impression. Realizing that public opinion is daily stronger in the condemnation of liquors, wines, and beer for beverages, the drink fiend has succeeded in entering thousands of homes under an assumed garb of goodness to more securely fasten its fangs upon those who would not admit him when rightly labelled.

The warning note cannot be sounded too clearly.

TEMPERANCE PROPER.

While insisting with our converts upon the abstinence from all alcoholic drinks, we fully understand that temperance proper does not only refer to strong drink, but must be applied to other habits of life. Next to drunkenness, there is possibly nothing more vulgar than gluttony. To see men deliberately gorge themselves with food at every opportunity is a disgusting spectacle. Yet it is a very widely spread habit. Habitual over-eating is responsible for more deaths than under-feeding. It lays the foundation for many diseases. Then, again, the kind of food eaten is of greater importance than the quantity. A little careful study by each person of their own constitution, with observations of the effects of various foods, will soon reveal the diet most suited to anyone's particular circumstances. Nobody can give a schedule diet for everybody. One thing is certain, however, that too much value is laid upon meats as nutritive, and the great majority of people think it means starvation to do without their beef or pork. Yet there are any number of more nutritious articles to be found among grains, nuts, and fruits than among meats. Anyone who will give it a fair trial will soon be able to find that his general health would be better if he reduced the quantity of meat eaten, and otherwise introduced a more moderate and frugal diet. Grain for breakfast; potatoes, vegetables in season, fruits of all

description, with a good whole-wheat bread for the other meals, are quite sufficient to satisfy the demands of the body; yet if one is not convinced that he can do without meat, let him use it sparingly—once a day is quite sufficient.

HOLINESS.

But the Army's teaching goes further than temperance; it demands clean habits, a clean body, a clean mind, a clean heart—in short, it urges holiness of life. To make a drunkard sober is a great thing, to change a glutton into a temperate and considerate man is good, to make people temperate in their habits is splendid, but it does not go far enough. We preach above all that men of any degree are sinners, whether they are drunken with wine, or with their own pride, or greedy of gold or honor, and that the only certain remedy to make life such as their Creator intended it to be is to experience a change of heart through faith in God and the merits of Christ's death, and then press on toward the mark of their high calling in Christ Jesus.

Latest News from the Commissioner.

(By Wire.)

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs received a magnificent welcome from their Newfoundland troops on Saturday, November 4th. Although their train was very late, great crowds awaited their arrival at the railway station for several hours.

The large College Hall was packed, numbers being unable to gain admission.

Fifty-six surrenders were registered at the mercy seat during Sunday's battles.

Other large meetings are in progress.

Our leaders have the prayers and sympathy of officers, soldiers, and friends in their anxiety and personal sorrow.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

CAPT. N. COOMBS IN HOSPITAL.

Capt. Nellie Coombs, of the Training Home Staff, was suddenly taken sick, unfortunately during the absence of the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs in Newfoundland. The physician found it necessary to have her at once removed to the hospital, where an operation for appendicitis was performed, which revealed also the presence of peritonitis. The operation has proved successful, we are pleased to say, and the Captain is doing as well as can be expected. Mrs. Coombs, when informed by telegram, at once returned to Toronto, although owing to the distance four days elapsed before she could reach her home.

THE LATEST NEWS.

Capt. Coombs' Illness.

In connection with the illness of Capt. N. Coombs, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' elder daughter, who was taken suddenly ill, and has undergone a serious operation for appendicitis in the Toronto General Hospital, the most cheering news is to hand. Just as we go to press we learn that Dr. Bruce, the surgeon who performed the operation, has sent a cable, through the Chief Secretary, to the Commissioner as follows:

"Daughter doing splendidly. Consider her practically out of danger."

This will be comforting to both the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, and may be considered an answer to the many prayers that have been made on the Captain's behalf.

The Chief of the Staff

Holds Council with the Local Officers at Amsterdam.

The influence of the Chief of the Staff's councils with local officers in Great Britain has been felt even on the continent. It was, therefore, with the happiest anticipations that some four hundred Dutch locals, bandmasters, Corps-Cadeis, and a few representative Staff and Field Officers greeted the Chief in the Odeon, Amsterdam, on Sunday morning, for his first council with Holland's local officers.

Naturally the Chief received a stirring welcome. These Dutch stalwarts understood that it was no easy task for him to get away from the rush of things at International Headquarters, and, knowing this, their greeting was in proportion vigorous and affectionate.

The Chief's addresses were mainly devoted to the responsibilities of the local officers' position and duties. His words went straight to the heart, and his realistic illustrations came as a revelation. It was a day of enlightenment, and the old Sergeant-Major, who told one of the Divisional Officers that the councils had been so helpful and inspiring to him that he had felt it altogether unnecessary to trouble about meals, undoubtedly expressed the feeling of the whole company as to the uplifting and encouraging influence of the messages they had that day received.

So great was the impression made that as the Chief rose to speak in the evening session a brawny local rose from the body of the hall and held up his hand as though wishing to say something. Neither the Commissioner or the Chief Secretary had the slightest idea what he intended saying, but he was told to proceed. He then explained that the councils had been so helpful to the local officers that they had deputed him to express their gratitude to the Chief, and beg him to return for a further council in three months' time.

The Chief's own feelings as to the immediate benefit of the council were such as that, although he could give no hope of returning at such an early date, he promised that he would do his utmost to meet them at least once a year.

The final session was most impressive, and many comrades obtained great and definite blessings at the hand of God.

The announcement that the General would visit Holland in February was received with great enthusiasm.

While in Holland the Chief also met the Staff and Field Officers at tea, which was followed by a helpful and instructive talk.

MONTREAL I.

The Final Week-End in Alexander Street Barracks.

We have just celebrated the last Sunday's meetings in Alexander Street barracks, Brigadier Turner commanding. Glorious success; hall packed; twenty souls came out for pardon; numbers under conviction. Saturday night four souls found the Saviour.—A. W. Walshe.

"THE FREEDOM."

The General's Banquet to Five Thousand Submerged.

In connection with the presentation of the Freedom of the City of London to the General our honored leader gave a banquet to between four and five thousand of the submerged.

This is an idea so entirely worthy of the great heart of our General, who ever thinks first of the poor and the suffering, that it requires no commendation at our hands.

The huge and substantial dinner destined to give delight to so many whose lives have known the pinch of poverty and hunger was served at several different centres, the guests being drawn from our Social institutions.

Having received the high civic honor, the General intended to make a round of the dining centres in question, and thus put a crowning pleasure upon the entertainment.

THE EASTERN COUNCILS.

GLORIOUS SERIES OF MEETINGS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—SALVATION SCENES IN THE OPERA HOUSE—THE EVOLUTION OF THE SALVATION ARMY—OFFICERS STIRRED UP—CROWDED ALTARS.

The Eastern Councils were practically a repetition of what happened at Toronto, for blessing and interest. The Commissioner arrived, with Brigadier Smeeton, on Saturday morning, Mrs. Coombs having reached St. John on Friday night. The Chief Secretary and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire reached the city on Saturday evening via the Intercolonial Railway. Crowds of Salvationists and friends from New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia were pouring in—a good omen of coming victory.

The first meeting was for soldiers and officers, held in the No. 1 hall. The building was filled with a bright crowd, composed of men largely, the female section being in the minority. Bandsmen in bright uniforms from Glace Bay (the other end of the peninsula), from Halifax, and from other distant cities were conspicuous and well to the front.

The Army's leaders received an enthusiastic reception. The Chief Secretary was given an opportunity to speak, following a song by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, and as an introduction to the Eastern troops Lieut.-Colonel Sharp introduced the party in a few well-chosen words after Mrs. Coombs and Brigadier Smeeton had prayed. The Commissioner talked on a soldier's duties and privileges, and wound up a powerful address with an appeal for sanctification of heart and life. A glorious altar service followed, about fifty-two seekers freely coming forward, many with tears, crying for full deliverance. It was delightful, and a good preliminary engagement, destined to give tone to the whole campaign.

Sunday—St. John.

The rain of Saturday night had given place to brightness and sunshine. The Bay of Fundy was like a sheet of silver and shone as upon a summer day. A crowd had gathered upon the streets to witness a naval and military parade—a counter attraction to the meeting. The Opera House, which was secured for the day, is a dark theatre, needing to be lighted by electricity even in the morning, and is not a desirable place for a salvation gathering, yet the body was filled with a splendid audience. It was an unique gathering. There were people from Capt Breton and Prince Edward Island who had traveled hundreds of miles to be present. The subject of holiness was the theme for the first song—"Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire."

The Commissioner, Mrs. Coombs, the Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, and Brigadier Smeeton took part. Twenty souls knelt at the altar at the close.

Afternoon.

The afternoon attendance was remarkable, seeing that a naval and military parade was in progress. The unveiling of a tablet to the memory of South African heroes, the occasion being a demonstration of Prince Louis of Battenberg's warships, a naval and military march and demonstration. It would have been quite excusable if the crowd had failed to come into the Opera House on such a lovely afternoon, but it was not so, for a fine audience was on hand. The Commissioner led a testimony meeting, and scores took the opportunity to tell their experiences. Veterans of many years' fighting mingled with converts of but a few weeks standing. "Ah," said Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, "he was a great drunkard. I remember him well. I wrote his life for the War Cry," as a grey-haired old man testified that Jesus saved him and kept him. Testimonies were given from people in many walks of life, from the coal miner of Cape Breton

to the lumber districts of northern New Brunswick. It was an hour of real enjoyment and was wound up by the Commissioner's address and Bible reading. The prayer meeting resulted in several seeking after the Pearl of Great Price.

"Only standing-room to be had," said the orderly, as the Commissioner passed in to the night meeting. The pit, the dress circle, and the gallery were crowded, while around the aisles the people thronged the theatre. It was a great opportunity. After the usual preliminaries, the Commissioner read and spoke for a considerable time on a Bible theme, which kept the audience interested and impressed them with the truths of salvation and judgment.

The prayer meeting was well fought out. Prayer and song succeeded one another, the band staying and helping the Commissioner to the end. Fourteen souls knelt at the mercy seat. Souls in St. John are not easily won from sin and evil. Many once knew God and sinned against light and knowledge in their conduct that night.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

A Unique Meeting in the Opera House—An Enthusiastic St. John Audience.

The Opera House was crowded on Monday night. It was evident that much inquisitive interest was being manifest in the promised "Evolution of the Army," which had been so elaborately advertised in the programs. The classes were there as well as the masses, society being represented by merchants, lawyers, and such like, all full of good feeling towards the Army. The meeting realized the best anticipations concerning it and was greatly enjoyed. Every phase of the Army's existence was reproduced, likewise a representation of the work being accomplished throughout the world, both social and spiritual. The people had an opportunity to see the Christian Mission at work, the leader's umbrella being in evidence while he led the procession and informed all and sundry that—

"We're traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go?"

The "early Army" conducted a meeting representing twenty years back, and the up-to-date Army marched in, headed by Glace Bay brass band and a corps of uniformed soldiers. They lined up on the stage, while the Commissioner talked on the past, present, and future of the Army. The newspapers described it as well conceived and successfully carried out.

There were representations of P. G. B., Immigration, and Rescue Work. The Army among the trades and also the nations of the earth. The meeting lasted for two hours. The juniors were not forgotten either, a well-drilled and good-looking company of girls being chosen to exhibit a sample of the organizing powers of the Army. They did their part well and earned much applause.

The Commissioner explained the varying tableaux and made the most of the opportunity to impress not only the material aspect of the work, but the soul-saving success of each branch. The testimony of a comrade, a former hopeless drunkard, saved in the Halifax Shelter, made a great impression. Although the hour was late, and the meeting had lasted a long time, a prayer meeting was conducted, and resulted in two souls kneeling at the cross. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Major Phillips, his Chancellor, may be congratulated upon such a successful termination to the public meetings of the councils, and the man-

ner in which the officers, soldiers, and bandsmen carried out their parts of the program was most creditable, and a tribute to the Army's wonderful system of organization.

The newspapers treated us most generously in describing the public gatherings in St. John.

The Officers' Councils.

The Officers' Councils were, by the kindness of the Methodist pastor, permitted to be held in the lecture hall of the church, Mr. Bullock, a great friend of the Army, interesting himself to obtain the privilege. The meetings were marked by special manifestations of the Holy Spirit, the Commissioner being burdened with the importance of the two days' opportunities with the officers of the Eastern Province. Sanctification was, in a large measure, the theme, a passion for souls, and faithfulness in the discharge of these God-given responsibilities.

The last meeting was in the form of a farewell tea with the officers—a happy, holy gathering. The Chief was compelled to leave in the middle of the event to catch the night train for the west. The officers, however, could not let him go without a revival of the old custom of "tossing," which is a sign of good fellowship, and that a new comrade has "caught on." The C. S.'s 170 lbs. avoirdupois was consequently rudely seized upon and tossed ceilingwards for several minutes. It was all right. The remaining portion of the meeting is said to have been splendid, and a good finish to a glorious campaign. The Commissioner left for Halifax and Newfoundland subsequently. Glory be to God for His goodness and the revelation of His wonder-working Spirit.

AUSTRALIA.

Commissioner McKie in the Rivers District, New South Wales.

Commissioner Thos. McKie, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Unsworth, has had a series of soul-saving successes in the Rivers District of New South Wales, visiting Lismore, Grafton, Woodburn, Ballina, and a small place rejoicing in the name of Murwillumbah. At one place the Army flag flew from the highest flag-staff, and splendid receptions were everywhere tendered the Commissioner by soldiers and townfolk.

At Lismore there were fifty-seven seekers, and other places also yielded gratifying results.

The party of Japanese Salvationists who are visiting Australia have been cordially welcomed to New South Wales. The capital, Sydney, received them enthusiastically.

The Austral Band, comprised of lassies, is proving an immense success. At Echuca the Coastal boat was held back some hours, so that the passengers could attend the meeting.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Native Convert's Promotion to Heaven from Transkei.

On a recent visit to our Transkei Native Settlement in Cape Colony, Major Smith had the pleasure of swearing-in seven senior and twenty-two junior soldiers. There are also about twenty recruits and converts, who, it is expected, will become soldiers shortly.

The first Army funeral in the district has just taken place. A poor woman, converted through the visitation of Mrs. Adj. Barker, had died. A little while before she passed away, on being told that the officers had come to see her, she said, "Yes, I am so glad to see you because you brought the light of God to me. I am so happy. I know I am going to be with Jesus."

The burial was conducted in proper Army style. All the soldiers and recruits wore white bands. Sixty natives took part in the march to the graveside. The inhabitants of the district say, "Never has there been such a beautiful funeral in Basaland!"



ON THE FIRING LINE



Training Home Province

A Remarkable Thanksgiving Day at the Temple—Hamilton II's Anniversary—Brigadier Taylor, with Riverdale Brass Band, to the Front—Ten Souls and Six Candidates—Dundas Gets a Visit also—Niagara Falls Still Scoring Victories.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE TEMPLE.

There are always some things happening, or occasions which are stamped on our memories distinctly, while others make but a slight impression upon us, whose memory is vague indeed, if not forgotten altogether. One such occasion which will stand out on memory's page to which we will be able to look back and remember the manifestations of God's power, were the meetings held on Thanksgiving Day at the Temple.

Yes, it was Thanksgiving Day, and we spent it in real thanksgiving style.

Brigadier Taylor, the Provincial Officer, assisted by the Training College Staff and the Cadets, conducted the meetings all day, and as usual when the Brigadier is in command, they were powerful meetings.

A good crowd of people gathered in the Jubilee Hall at eleven o'clock, where, after a red-hot testimony meeting, the Brigadier spoke to us on the steadfastness of Job, and impressed upon us the great importance of being steadfast. At the close of this meeting two precious men came seeking pardon for their sins.

In the afternoon the Brigadier enrolled a number of recruits as soldiers of the Temple corps. So impressive was this meeting that at the close seven dear comrades, who had been shown their place, came out and offered themselves as soldiers of the Salvation Army.

The night meeting was a fitting climax to the day's proceedings—a real battle for souls. The Brigadier took for his text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" From the very moment he rose until he sat down he held his audience spellbound, and showed the cheapness and vanity of all worldly gains and possessions compared to the value of a soul. And although we were only successful in getting one man to seek the pardon of his sins, we feel sure that conviction was brought upon people who will never be able to enjoy the pleasures of sin again after what they heard on Thanksgiving night.

One dear fellow who was at the afternoon meeting was invited by one of the Cadets to come back to the night meeting, but said he was going to the theatre, but long before the meeting closed he appeared at the door looking for the Cadet who had spoken to him in the afternoon, and said he had gone to the theatre but could not remain, but was driven to the meeting. He would not yield to the Spirit, but promised he would return the following night and give his heart to God.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—A. L. W.

THE P. O'S AND RIVERDALE BRASS BAND VISIT HAMILTON II.

On Oct. 28th and 29th we had a week-end visit from our P. O's, Brigadier and Major Taylor, accompanied by the Riverdale Brass Band, and for hard work, fervent enthusiasm, and Holy Ghost unction, the meetings would be hard to surpass.

The band struck a winning note from the very commencement, and the crowd, who greedily drank in their sweet strains, were not slow to show appreciation in a tangible form.

The musical festival by the band was a decided success, musically, financially, and numerically.

The Brigadier "footed the footlights" at 7 a.m. Sunday, and the forty-six souls who were present got right in touch with God and claimed from Him the victory which we behold with our own eyes later in the day.

It is a heart-searching time, God make very near to us, and three precious souls sought entire cleansing.

Unfortunately, the hall was all too small to seat the would-be listeners in the night meeting, and to our sorrow many had to be turned away. The Brigadier gripped the crowd at this once and dealt with them in such a clear, logical, loving, and convincing manner that they became his willing "subjects" as he pursued his subject with his characteristic thoroughness, metaphysical ability, and analytical leaning. The varying emotions of the audience were most apparent, even to the casual observer. The service was given place to the test-dimmed eye. The backslider was miserably ill at ease. The giddy, careless youth became all attention, and the still solemnity of the meeting betokened God's presence.

We ultimately finished up the day with ten souls for salvation and sanctification, six candidates for membership and one for Corps-Captainship—thirteen.

Hamilton I.—Sunday was a good day. The weather was a little cool, and as a consequence our open-air crowds were not quite as large as usual, but inside the crowds were all that could be desired. God came near and blessed us, and one soul sought the Lord, making four for the week. In the afternoon the infant child of Bro. and Sister Geo. Smith was dedicated by Adj. Habkirk. The mother was dedicated in the Army twenty-three years ago.

Dundas.—What's the matter with Dundas? Why, it's all right. At least you would have thought so had you been at the meeting led by Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor on Monday, Oct. 30th. This place is not often visited by specials, and the comrades were looking forward to this visit, and to judge by the pleased look upon their faces, they were not disappointed. A nice crowd was present, and although the Brigadier was far from well, his address was enjoyed. Adj. Habkirk, the D. O. for the Hamilton District, was also present, and assisted in the service with his "Jo."

Parliament St.—We can report victory at Parliament St. corps. During the week-end meetings we felt the power of God with us. After a battle for souls on Saturday night and all day Sunday, we had the joy of seeing four souls at the mercy seat. God is honoring our labors. To Him we give all the glory.—Cadet Thompson.

Niagara Falls.—Envoy Stacey paid us a visit again this week-end. God enabled us to give the old devil another nasty blow, in the conversion of two more souls. A bright young lad of sixteen years came deliberately forward and gave his young life to God, and promised Him to live the life of a true Christian, cost what it would. Another poor backslider came weeping to the mercy seat and told God how, in an evil moment, he had been dragged down by the accursed drink, and vowed never to touch it again. Last Sunday's converts turned up well and gave bright testimonies. Hallelujah! Another dear old invalid gentleman got back into the fold last week while we were out visiting. Although the fight is hard here, God is with us and for us, and giving us the victory. Hallelujah!—Capt. Marshall and Lieut. Loder, officers in charge.

Faversham.

Last week we grimly marched through mud, While rain descended like a flood; But now fast falls the fleecy snow—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

—R. W. and D. J. W.

Esther St., Toronto.—To God be all the glory for the victories we are having at Esther St. corps. In the last ten days sixteen souls for salvation and three for sanctification. Capt. Bond and Lieut. Luger are making things boom at old No. 1, but owing to the hall being too small many have to be turned away. We believe God will open the way soon for a larger one. The meeting last Sunday night will long be remembered. Five at the mercy seat, one a young man whose mother is a soldier. Both danced with joy while some cried and some laughed. The spirit of the living God was felt there. The very windows of heaven seemed to be opened and glory shone round. Even the most hard-hearted sinners in the meeting felt it, to my Christ be all the glory.—Mother Knibbs, for Capt. Bond.

New Ontario Division.

Sault Ste. Marie: Goes \$25 Over H. F. Target—Huntsville Officers' Return Invigated, Enroll Recruits, and Capture Sinners.

Sault Ste. Marie.—Our H. F. was easily reached; we came off with flying colors. God helped us in a wonderful way and we went \$25 over our target. Three comrades worked well and the sale was a great success. Sister Merritt was the champion collector, raising the splendid sum of \$30. Sister Mrs. Livingstone came next with \$20. We are pleased to report that Mrs. Ritchie is able to be with us again, which, of course we all appreciate very much indeed. We hope to have our Lieutenant next week. We are trying with God's help to pull down Satan's kingdom. We are earnestly praying and believing for greater things in the soul-saving line. "Victory" is our motto.—Olive Budd, Soldier.

Huntsville.—Since last report we have attended the great Annual Congress at Toronto, which we consider to be the best yet. We are better for having been there. Since coming back to our work God has manifested Himself in our midst. On Sunday morning one sought the blessing of a clean heart. At 3 p.m. we had an enrolment of recruits to the number of five, and at night another soul sought the Saviour. Our band is doing most beautifully. More anon.—W. E. Parsons.

Gore Bay.—We were very pleased to welcome into our midst Capt. Barnard, from the east. He has taken hold of the work in good shape, and we are in for victory here. Last week two souls volunteered for salvation and one for holiness. Look out for big things from Gore Bay in the near future.—A friend of the Army.

North-Western Braves

Brandon Forwards Some Comrades for the West—Calgary Corps and Jail Meetings Fruitful—Medicine Hat Welcomes Reinforcements.

Brandon, Man.—God is still blessing our efforts and souls are being saved. Still so long for a deeper, richer experience of God's saving power in our midst. Several comrades left for the West this week, including two of the band, one brother and one sister. Our loss is, we hope, others' gain. May God bless and use them.—John H. Wilson, War Cry Correspondent.

Calgary, Alta.—It is such a long time since I have written anything for your interesting pages that I hardly know where to start. We are having very blessed meetings, and, thank God, we are seeing some fruit. Three souls during the week and five on Sunday were visible results of last week's fight, whilst at the jail meetings three sought Christ last Sunday and two the Sunday before. Our soldiers' meetings and knee-drills are looking up, and that's a very good sign. We give to Jesus glory and keep believing for greater things.—Mrs. E. Frost.

Medicine Hat.—On Wednesday and Thursday last we were favored with a visit from the D. O., our Bishop, from Calgary, Adj. Byers. Wednesday night the Adjutant led a great salvation meeting, when one precious soul sought and proved the cleansing waves. On Thursday evening we had another good meeting, with much conviction. Sorry, Adjutant were given no better reception, but it was no intentional, circumstances being against the soldiers getting out. But come again, Adjutant, and bring the better half. We are glad to report a welcome to Cadet Hedberg, who is quite an addition. We believe before he goes into the Training Home he will prove a blessing. We have also welcomed Dad and Mother Evans back. They report the salvation was progressing on west, the foe being driven back and God's host victorious. Praise Jehovah! Bro. Smith has left the hospital, and although not yet able to take his place in the battle, he is back with his wife and children, for which we thank God, unto whom many prayers ascend. We have also to congratulate Treas. T. Littleford for another small blessing from God.—Jimmie.

West Ontario Province.

ENSIGN POOLE RELATES HIS JOURNEYING.

The first Sunday of the new quarter I spent in good faith and confidence at Aylmer. A searching holiness meeting was followed by two live salvation meetings. There is a dire need of consecration and faith. Those who know and have the light must walk in it.

Ere starting for Ridgetown next morning, a dear soul, greatly distressed through having carried about a secret burden of unconfessed sin for eleven years, came to seek advice, and, as usual, said story. May God cleanse her through and through.

At Ridgetown Capt. Hore and the F. S. S.M. greeted me in a cheerful manner. The Captain was my soldier at my second corps, and I was delighted to find him in possession of a better experience than ever. Several new beginners took their stand with us at the street corner, and we gave the old and some heavy shots. The people were delighted with the illustrated lecture; relates income, and full bore, with satisfactory G. B. M. returns, and a request for more boxes from Mrs. Green.

The next two happy sprits I meet are Capt. Selzer and Lieut. Couthard, of Blenheim. Congregation and soldiery have been low here for some years, which makes the fight difficult. They make mention of the blessings received amid it all, and more especially while beating the big bass drum in the street. The attendance was over the average. G. B. M. returns good, and more merchants' boxes placed.

At Leamington the next night, where you will find most courteous people, we had a packed barracks. Experience has taught us to make the best of every opportunity for God. We strove to replenish the minds of all by leaving some lasting impressions for good. The service was followed with great interest. Capt. and Mrs. Merritt, late of London, were present, and, being so fervently welcomed to the corps, at the local G. B. M. Agent, Mrs. Dawson, has made some good alterations and put out a large number more of the small boxes, which has meant a forward march in every way.

The thriving little town of Essex, with its first Salvation corps and energetic officers, the Palmers, is where I am announced to spend the next week-end. Our faith and Sunday-laborers were crowned with four souls. God was very near, from the hand-drill till the close. The holiness meeting brought rich blessings to our hearts. A good work has been accomplished, and a large number of soldiers have been sanctified. Mrs. G. Bolton had all G. B. M. money collected, the amount being about the average. We took every opportunity to open up the good work. Some do nothing for the poor because they can do little. The Lord's approbation was upon the one who gave the cup of cold water. If we have tender hearts and willing minds, we shall find ways to show our benevolence, should it come by dropping a cent into the G. B. M. box.

—London.—Commissioning of the locals and bandmen last Thursday was a great success. Twenty-one bandmen, fifteen senior locals, and thirteen juniors or about twenty junior and Band of Love locals; also a War Cry band were started. One young man came out for salvation, a real bright case. Sunday was a good day. Eight souls out for salvation at night, two juniors amongst them. Monday night was an old-time with the Band of Love. The new Sergt-Major, Mrs. Mason, got a real welcome. The junior workers, and B. O. L. and Corps-Cadets also testified their love to the officers farwelling. Expecting a great social gathering with the soldiers and also a last farewell on Wednesday night. God bless London.—H. C. Kendall.

Glen Rae.—Father and Mother Lucas, who have helped to keep up the interest of the Army at Glen Rae, which is an outpost of Petrolia, said good-bye on Sunday night last. The little hall which has been used for a number of years by the Army, and where the Sunday evening meetings were held, was scarcely large enough to accommodate the large crowd which desired to be present; each seat was filled, others stood in the aisles, some having to remain outside. The writer conducted the service. Bro. Hollingshead said a few words of the early days and the great blessing our comrades had been to him and to his family. Mrs. C. Lucas (nee Captain McKenna) upon whose shoulders the responsibility of the meetings from time to time has rested, was sorry indeed to part with them, not only as comrades and soldiers, but as relatives. Father and Mother Lucas were called upon to speak, and good attention was given as they spoke of the days of twenty-two years ago. They were indeed sorry to leave Glen Rae and their own boys and girls. Some good advice followed, especially to the young men and women present, and will bear fruit. The writer gave a short Bible reading, and it was indeed a fine sight to see those 125 people standing and singing, "God be with you till we meet again." The London corps will be all the better for the addition of our two comrades to the roll. May God be with them in truth all the remaining days of their lives.

Quebecers' Battles.

Montreal Locals Hold the Fort—Point St. Charles Enlarges its Borders—No. IV, Thriving—A Week—of Victoria at Ottawa—An Aged Sinner, of Odessa, Seeks Salvation on His Dying Bed.

Montreal I.—The War Cry Brigade held a very successful meeting on Monday evening, during the absence of Ensign and Mrs. Gilliam at the Congress in Toronto; both soldiers and officers (local) rallied in good order under the leadership of Publication Sergt-Major Mulachy. The Salvation Brothers Dunk conducted Saturday evening's skirmish against the devil and his forces, in their usual hearty style, conviction of sin being brought home to several souls. Altogether the activities of old Montreal I. enjoyed the opportunity of holding the fort in the absence of their commanding officers. The angel of death visited our ranks during the week, bringing to one who for many years had been devoted to the Army's interests the message to pass into her Father's house. Ensign Gilliam conducted the funeral service. A memorial service was held on Sunday, when the family of our departed friend and sister, Mrs. Benson, united with the corps in praising God for the sweet memories that her active life and happy passing-out had left with them.—Sergt. A. W. Walshe, War Correspondent.

Montreal II.—Although you have not heard from us for the past week or so, yet we are glad to say we are not lacking in doing our best in building up the Kingdom of God and pulling down the works of Satan. Since last report victory has been won. What with soldiers claiming a closer walk with God, and like-warm hearts getting the Holy Ghost fire, His Satanic Majesty has had to suffer defeat. Hallelujah! During the past two weeks we have had nine for holiness and six for salvation. The winter season looks very bright here. Point St. Charles, as present, our barracks fifteen feet, and when finished we hope to be able to accommodate the crowds which have recently been turned away owing to there being no room. Our corps in general has been increased the past week or so. Bandmaster Smith's wife and family (nine in number), and Bandman Allison's wife and child landed here from the Old Land, and with these reinforcements we mean to trounce the devil still more, and we hope to win.—A. Bandman.

Montreal IV.—Ensign Clark, who is doing a little carpentering in the city in the interests of the Army, paid us a visit this week-end, and a most blessed, blood-and-fire time we had. Five precious souls sought and found God's pardon. What a rejoicing we did have! The building was right up, and we were not having you forget that our week-end meetings are more than double what they were. Great interest is in the hearts of the people for the Army. Our converts are doing fine, taking a bold stand and making soldiers. Yet we crave for more of God's power to bring sinners to God. Montreal IV. is healthy.—Lieut. Payne, for Ensign Spence.

Ottawa I.—During the absence of the officers at the councils in Toronto the reins of government and responsibility of the corps rested upon our esteemed comrade, Sergt-Major Webster. We had a goodly number of specials for the different meetings. Band-Sergt. Oliver, with the band, conducted the Thursday evening service. Capt. Price, of the Rescue Home, said good-bye to her many acquaintances after a term of faithful service here for the Master; also another of our comrades, Sister Edith Beach, has gone to Vancouver, B.C. We pray for God's richest blessings upon them both in their new sphere of labour. The League of Nations has increased by two new members, Sisters Mrs. Healey and Katie Shepherd, the latter is Secretary of the League. Band Secretary Wm. Edwards led on the forces on Saturday evening with a good, old-time, salvation swing. At the holiness meeting Brother Hamilton, a real true Christian and warm-hearted friend of the S. A., spoke from the Scriptures showing that holiness was commanded of the Israelites of old, and also commanded of us to-day. It was a forcible and convincing address. Bro. Guthrie delivered a Gospel message at 3 p.m., and Mrs. Archibald was chief speaker at 8 p.m. Sunday evening. One soul came to the mercy seat. Sisters Katie Shepherd and Lotie Mason conducted a sisters' contest meetings on Monday evening, and at the close of the service one soul sought pardon. Capt. Oldford has returned for a short period, accompanied by Capt. Burrows. A warm welcome was given them. Already Capt. Burrows has impressed us with his earnestness and zeal for the Master's cause and the salvation of souls. Ensign Edwards, with his special lantern service, London's Homeless Ten Thousand, visited here Oct. 19th. It was a grand service.—French.

Odessa.—If God be for us, who can be against us? We are having victory all along the line. A short time ago an aged man, who lay sick on his bed, whose face showed his life was fast ebbing away, gave his heart to God through one of the soldiers and the officers visiting there. The old man was in his seventies, but never knew what it was to be born again until a few days before his death.—L. H.

Twesed, Ont.—I arrived at Twesed about two weeks ago, and was met at the station by that faithful warrior, Treas. C. H. Garrett. Immediately I felt quite at home among the warm-hearted crowd of soldiers and friends. The soldiers of the corps know how to speak, sing, and pray. Attendance and interest at the meetings are very good. Last Sunday one senior and two juniors sought salvation. The junior work is a thriving concern. Much credit is due to J. S. S.-M. Mrs. Jones, God bless her. We regret the absence of some of our faithful comrades from the meetings through illness. God bless them. We are praying and believing for glorious times of refreshing from above during the winter months.—Yours for God and souls, S. V. Ash, C. O.

Newfoundland.

Lamaline's Enrolment and Wedding—Greenspond's New Barracks and Prospects—Heart's Delight Juniors to the Front.

Lamaline, Nfld.—With the belief that the Edition never gets tired of printing good news, I send you a few words to say the chariot is still rolling on at Lamaline. H. F. seemed to be almost an impossibility,



Capt. Noel, Por. do Trava, Nfld. Sister winner, Mt. Love, Nfld.

ity, but with the faith that laughs at impossibilities and cries, "It must be done," the brave soldiers and myself went to work. "Did you get your target?" was the question asked by everyone a few days later. "Yes, smashed it, and still it comes by dollars!" We had an enrolment on Sunday, and Saturday a wedding, when two of our noble soldiers were made one. Our worthy D. O., Adj. Sparks, performed the service. (The Adjutant is a favorite here.) He spent Sunday with us, also Bro. Hiram. God used them in the afternoon: an up-to-date dedication took place. At night three souls came to Christ, one being a backslidden soldier. The Adjutant's appeal from "The Prodigal Son" was very impressive.—Yours to a ship, —?

Greenspond.—Glad to say we are still fighting and God is blessing us. We are now within sight of our H. F. target—\$65. Our next financial effort is for the new hall now building. Our target for the same is \$40, and we are going to get there, I believe. We started our new Citadel August 2nd, and within a fortnight's time we hope to have completed the

exterior, and we are looking forward to open the same for meetings early in January. Its dimensions are 55ft. long, 30ft. wide, with a basement that will give us a J. S. hall 20ft. by 30ft. When completed it will be worth about \$2,000, but with the old material from the old barracks and free labour, we hope the money we shall receive we hope to open it not more than \$400 behind. We have at Greenspond a splendid crowd of young men who help us financially. The past year we added nearly twenty to our ranks, and they are indeed a credit to the Army, and we look forward to the time when some will be stepping to the front as officers. Our young boys are all right (of course the girls are, too) and we can depend upon their help. May God bless them and add many more to our ranks.—Yours to push forward the claims of Christ, E. H.

Heart's Delight, Nfld.—Our Harvest Festival last is smashed, many thanks to the few faithful soldiers and friends of our corps. On Wednesday night we had a very special meeting with the children. Lieut. Morgan has been working hard to put them through. They all did good work and made a very enjoyable service. May God bless the children.—A Soldier.

Eastern Province News.

Woodstock's Unvisited Found Out—Two Good Captures—Springhill's Brass and String Bands to the Front—Forthright Seekers.

Woodstock, N.B.—Hallelujah! Souls are coming! Three Sundays ago we had a blessed time in the afternoon, and as we went into our prayer meeting by singing this grand old chorus that has brought out the souls of many a sinner, "He will wash your sins away," we had the joy of seeing a dear man, who had been on our hearts for a long time, suddenly, surely walking up the aisle and throw himself at the mercy seat, and there with tears streaming down his cheeks, poured out his heart to the One who never disappoints an honest seeking soul, but who is, at all times, true to His promise when He says, "He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Bless His name forever and forever. How our hearts rejoiced to see our brother get the victory. May God keep him true, is our prayer. Two Sundays ago another brother, who lives across the river in the "City of Grafton," came forward, and again our spiritual strength was renewed and our joy full. O yes, God is working on the hearts of the people, and you are going to hear of great victories from this place. Our officers are hustlers, great people to visit the poor and needy. Yes, homes have been visited where S. A. officers had never been, and blessed results have been the outcome from these visits. God bless our officers. We are believing that next year this time will find us with a neat little barracks of our own, for such is indeed badly needed here. The officers and soldiers desire a great May for the way they stand by the grand old flag under the present circumstances.—Julius.

Springhill, N.S.—Just a word from the coal town. This has been a week of specials. B. O. L. to the front with her Hindoo Durbar. Being dressed in costume they made quite a stir. The brass and string bands treated us to an evening of music and song, which we enjoyed very much. Some of our meetings were times of blessing. Seven souls sought salvation. Tuesday and Wednesday gave us five souls for salvation and two for holiness. Hallelujah! More coming.—Jack.

A NOVEL MEETING AT NORTH SYDNEY.

Monday evening the Maple Leaf Orchestra opened fire in Royal Albert Hall. After prayer and supplication at the throne of grace they proceeded to the Army's big pipe (the open-air), then returned and found the hall well filled with an anxious crowd awaiting the temperance drama, "Weal or Woe." At the appointed time Miss Canada, the very picture of health and beauty, sat in her high-back chair, when the farmer comes with a sheaf of wheat and lays it at her feet, and goes on to show that to make a living on the farm one must toil early and late. The brewer walks in and told the people he didn't see any harm in taking a social glass occasionally when a person feels like it, whilst the baker thought there was nothing like bread for man's existence, and may very well be called the staff of life. Quite a lively discussion took place, and the result was the baker charged the brewer with putting too much water in his beer, and the brewer turns round and accuses the baker of not putting flour enough in his loaves. The temperance cause was fully protected by Sergt. and Mrs. Urquhart, two full-fledged, loyal Salvationists of many years' standing.—Treas.

THE DIVINE MIRROR.

Among Rome's treasures of art is a superb fresco by Guido, called "The Aurora." The painting is directly overhead, covering a lofty ceiling, and as the beholder stands below, the head and shoulders of the old clouds and majestic figures, his head swims, and the grand effect is lost in a dizzy whirl of the strained senses. But of recent years a broad mirror has been placed under the picture, near the floor; and as one approaches and looks into it, he sees the magnificent fresco reproduced at his feet, perfect in beauty and all the beauties disclosed without effort to the delighted eye.

This is just what the life of Christ does to us. It mirrors the character and attributes of God.



A Page for Our Local Officers.



Words of Wisdom to J. S. Locals.

ESPECIALLY APPLICABLE IN VIEW OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CAMPAIGN.

By Commander Eva Booth.

I realize that there is no greater question before us to-day than the salvation of the tens of thousands of children of the great cities and crowded neighborhoods where we are at work, and consequently appreciate to the full any and every effort any soldier throws into the battle of saving the children.

I have never so deeply felt the priceless value of an infant's soul; never realized so keenly the responsible privilege of leading the smallest and least into the Kingdom; never been so conscious of the great increase and advance to our glorious war further progress amongst the juniors would bring. For, in addition to the great achievement of their own salvation, there are thousands of closed doors in our spiritual conflict whose lock the children's key will turn and admit us to vast possibilities beyond. Oh, that there were more God-saved, God-blessed, and God-inspired men and women to seize these glorious opportunities embraced in this work, which, alas! are as fleeting as they are precious, for the young, unformed characters will all too soon settle irrevocably for good or evil, and God's chosen time for the moulding of the disposition be past!

High in Aim.

But many of those who read these lines are and have been for some time actively engaged in helping to ingather, save, and train the young. Therefore, let me say first that, in my estimation, yours is a work so high in its aim, so celestial in its character, so unbounded in its possibilities, so glorious in its reward, that I think almost angels must envy your mission; and my most fervent prayer is that you should meet the full measure of your responsibility as you ought, shine as that example, speak those words, give that instruction, spread that influence, manifest that love, and demonstrate that power required of one who stands in the position of a shepherd of a flock, and which decides whether the toil you exert and the time you give shall accomplish the great end of saving the souls of the young from sin and evil, forming their characters in righteousness, and directing their lives through paths of service to God and a poor, suffering world.

Requires Preparation.

It has been thought by some that work amongst the children is easily accomplished; that one does not need to be fitted for it as for work among grown and hardened sinners; that the talk to be given is of little import and need not be thought over, or the time spent with them prayed about; and the prevailing idea with many is that if they are successful in keeping the children interested and quiet during any classes, meetings, or prayers, they have met their full opportunities. This is a most erroneous and dangerous mistake. If the guidance of God and Spirit of Christ are in greater demand with one work than another, it is surely with the young, where the mind is unmaturing, and the soul but in the dawn of spiritual intelligence, and where the heart in its waking emotions can be so early influenced for good or misled into faithlessness and dark confusion.

Our Chance.

The years of youth are our chance. With the diseases that attack the fold it is an easy matter to rectify in the lamb what becomes a difficult and often impossible undertaking in the old sheep; childhood is the time to train

the vine, to rectify failings, and save the soul. Hence all those who are responsible for any duty in our great junior war are entrusted by God with a most sacred charge—a charge, I assure you, the far-reaching issues of which cannot be over-estimated, cannot be too highly thought of, cannot have too much time or talent concentrated upon it.

In speaking of those features required for the successful administration of junior warfare, I must confess there are so many qualifications which go to make up the success of a soul-saver among the children that it is difficult to select the greater, but there is certainly one which seems to me to form the foundation of all others, that is—

Believe in God.

There must be first an unwavering belief in the great ability of God to reveal His saving power to a child.

Surely there cannot be any to-day in our ranks who would question the ability of God to reveal the truths of Christianity to the mind of a child, and for its power to be exercised upon their hearts and lives, no more than they would stay to suggest that the same Omnipotence which lifted the mountains and gathered the ocean torrents stopped short at the formation of the dewdrop for the watering and nurturing of nature. We have seen too many evidences to the contrary right at our very door.

Some time ago, when visiting London, I stood at the entrance of a massive hall and watched a large number of the great crowd which had filled every available space pass out into the open street. Amongst these I noticed a slight and small figure of a child, I should say, about twelve years—anyway, she was young, for her dress was short and her hair about her shoulders, and the little face, while carrying an earnest expression, was exceedingly youthful and taking.

A Policeman's Opinion.

Being curiously attracted by her I asked of a police officer standing in the doorway, "Do you know who that little girl is, with the straggling hair and blue dress, and can you tell me anything about her?"

"Yes," was the sharp reply. "I do know who she is, and I can tell you a whole heap about her. She is just the best little Christian in this whole neighborhood; she lived in one of its basest hovels, down one of its darkest courts. Both her parents were drunkards, her two sisters harlots, and her one brother a fighting, swearing, heartless rogue, and the child at an early age naturally partook of the sins around her. The little girl got converted one night at the Army hall, into the back recesses of which she had crept to escape the cold, and on telling her family the news of her salvation, her father beat her with a strap until the little body was black and blue all over; her people would not let her go to the meetings, and so she slept out in a shed Saturday night to be able to get to knee-dill Sunday morning, and would pray and sing whenever she was alone. Well, after a while her brother, seeing how the child held on to her faith despite being so abused, became very much impressed, and one day got converted while his sister was praying for him!"

And to tell the story as it is to-day resulting from that child's example, the two sisters are active soldiers; the brother is a bandsman, the mother a War Cry boomer, the father a Sergeant, and the little girl an angel at home in the skies.

The Principle of Prayer.

Especially Written for Local Officers.

"I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

Every local officer might well take up this cry of the Apostle Paul, and let the principle contained in it control their every approach to God. Paul did not exercise an exclusive monopoly of this method of prayer; he held no patent rights for it; by revelation or practice, or, perhaps, by both, he had discovered that this was the correct prayer-plan, and so far from manifesting any selfishness or secretiveness about it, he made it known to the Church at Corinth with the evident desire that his plan should become theirs also. And what was right and good for Paul, and what Paul felt would be best for those to whom he wrote, is right and good and best for our great and ever-increasing army of local officers to-day.

Expert Advice.

The advice of an expert on any matter is of value; let us not, then, on such an important matter as prayer, ignore advice which is given by one who, after Christ, is perhaps the greatest prayer expert the world has ever known. If you, whose position amongst our soldiery is that of leaders and examples, but attend to his words, your profiting shall appear to all. "I will pray with the spirit and with the understanding." Here is a combination of the emotional and the reasoning faculties; of the heart and of the mind; of those powers of the being which are wrought upon by influences, and of those which cannot be moved except by convictions.

"With the Spirit."

"I will pray with the spirit." Alas! how spiritless do many prayers seem to be: cold, bald, formal effusions, void of life and power. Thank God (and this is not said in any Pharisaical spirit) we have not any great proportion of such prayers as these in the Army. Occasionally, it is true, Secretary Field's prayer gives us the queerest of cold feelings; or Sergt.-Major Great-Gloom will pray until we feel that we are under a cloud; but, on the whole, our prayers have in them warmth and earnest fervor, and we feel that they are springing from the very centre of his soul.

Comrades all, let us always see to it that when we pray we pray with the spirit. Whether for ourselves or for others, in the hall or on the street; whether it is a prayer in the band-room, amongst the juniors, with the Corps-Cadets, or in the quiet solitude of our own room, let us call up all the earnestness of which we are capable. Let desire and longing breathe out in our petitions. Let there be tears in our voices because there are tears in our hearts. Let us put in all we can of hope and love, and let faith—large, strong, and vigorous—dominate the whole.

"And With the Understanding."

"I will pray with the understanding also." All the emotional powers requisitioned, all the spiritual forces called into action, and then the understanding linked on to them. How many prayers are wasted because this is not done; how many meetings have been weakened by carelessness in respect to it; and how many people have lost all interest in their private devotions because they have not prayed intelligently? Intelligent prayer—prayer which has in it thought and reason, the faculties of the mind operating in conjunction with those of the soul. We must set memory to work that it may bring into recollection the promises of God, the conditions of answered prayer, and the facts of past prayer-victories. There must be a vivid consciousness of present needs regulating our requests, and

our thoughts will need to be projected into the future, anticipating the difficulties and besetments which confront us and ours in order that we may be proof against them all. Let order and beauty grace our prayers, and anything approaching to slovenliness be banished from them.

Order and Earnestness.

Do you object that the value of a prayer is not estimated by the words or phrases it may contain? Do you say in regard to beauty of form and correctness of order in prayer, "God does not require it"? Well, you are quite right in what you say if such things are to you impossible; God will never expect anything of you beyond the extent of your ability, but He loves order as well as earnestness. He would have you to pray with the understanding as well as the spirit. "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary," and in this matter, as in all others, improvement should be the local officer's constant aim.

"Pray with the understanding." Have you a strong, expressive word? Put it in your prayer. Have you a compact, forceful sentence? Put that in your prayer, too. Have you the faculty of conveying a volume of meaning or making known a multitude of needs by the employment of a single phrase? Lay that faculty under an obligation to assist you in your prayers, and those prayers will gain in beauty and power, the understanding uniting with the spirit to move the mighty arm of Jehovah on your behalf.

Know What You Want.

Let us pray with point and directness. If we were going shopping we should think of what we required before setting out. Let us be as thoughtful in our approaches to God, knowing what we need and asking just for that thing. There are many, it is to be feared, who put so little thought into their prayers that they could not for the life of them tell at night what they had prayed for in their own room in the morning, and many others, who would be overwhelmed with astonishment if some day their prayers should be answered, so unlikely to be given are some of the things they ask for, these unlikely requests being made, not because of the largeness of their faith, but because they prayed without thought. Their prayers were lacking in the quality of understanding.

Do we want a pattern for our prayers? We shall find one in the prayers of the Bible. In those petitions spirit and understanding join forces. For form and point and terseness they cannot be equalled. A little time spent on the study of the prayers of Paul alone will more than repay us, and if we can get down to the depths of those matchless petitions of our Lord we shall better know how to come to God. Let us think upon these things; ponder them well. Let them enter into the prayer-sphere of our lives; so shall we better learn to pray with the spirit and with the understanding, and thus be better fitted to fill the positions to which God and the Army have called us.—H. P. S.

The Patent Medicine Plague

(Continued from page 5.)

sult of cheating and defrauding those into whose hands the statements came;

"That, while the remedies do possess medicinal properties, these were not such as to carry out the cures promised;

"That the advertiser knew he was deceiving;

"That in the sale and distribution of his medicines the complainant made no inquiry into the specific character of the disease in any individual case, but supplied the same remedies and prescribed the same mode of treatment to all alike."

A Gruesome Joke.

A distinguished public health official and editorial writer once made this jocular suggestion to me:

"Let us buy in large quantities the cheap-

est Italian vermouth, poor gin, and bitters. We will mix them in the proportion of three of vermouth to two of gin, with a dash of bitters, dilute and bottle them by the short quart, label them 'Smith's Revivifier and Blood Purifier; dose, one wineglassful before each meal'; advertise them to cure erysipelas, bunions, dyspepsia, heat rash, fever and ague, and consumption; and to prevent loss of hair, small-pox, old age, sunstroke, and near sightedness, and make our everlasting fortunes selling them to the temperance trade."

Eight Cents Worth for a Dollar.

Anyone wishing to make a certain widely-advertised "Patent Medicine" for home consumption may do so by mixing half a pint of cologne spirits, 90 proof, with a pint and a half of water, adding thereto a little cubebs for flavor and a little burned sugar for color. It will cost, in small quantities, perhaps seven or eight cents per quart. Manufactured in bulk, its cost, including bottle and wrapper, is about eight and a half cents. Its price is \$1.00.

The most objectionable feature of the sale of patent medicine containing alcohol is the fact that many people who would abhor the idea of taking whiskey or beer, and even many women and children, are taking medicine which is often even stronger than either, and even when taken in small doses lays the foundation of the drunkard's appetite. Also thousands of women have become slaves to the drug habit (opium, cocaine, and morphine) through the use of powders which

contain such drugs. Surely it would be a wise and God-pleasing step if temperance societies would do a little investigation and agitation in this direction, as it would attack one fruitful source of the drink habit.

ONE THOUSAND MEN

Addressed by Commissioner Nicol.

"What should be the attitude of the churches to the social needs of the people?" This question was submitted to a thousand men in Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, London, in a racy, forcible address by Commissioner Nicol.

Mr. Wilson, Parliamentary candidate for the district, introduced the subject in a fine eulogy of the Salvation Army, and intimated that Commissioner Nicol need not stick to the exact text of his subject. "Tell us something of the General, emigration, and the work of the Army."

One of the Commissioner's contentions was that a large proportion of the working classes viewed the efforts of the churches with suspicion, distrust and prejudice; and he held that, in a large measure, the churches were responsible. These moral Port Arthurs must be captured before the people would enter the Kingdom of God.

God should be the object of all our desires, the end of all our actions, the principle of all our affections, and the governing power of our whole souls.—Massillon.

SPIRITUALITY: WHAT IT IS.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Barrie.

No. II.

"Higher, purer, deeper, surer,
Be my thought, O Christ, of Thee;
Break the narrow bonds that limit
All my earth-born, sin-bound spirit
To the breadth of Thy Divine.
Not my thought, but Thy creation
Be the image, purely Thine,
Deep within my spirit's shrine;
Make the secret revelation,
Reproduce Thy life in mine."

The spiritual life is one of prayer. The excuse is often made by the Christian, "We have such little time for prayer." I know this busy, electric age is crowded with work and duty, and there seems but very little opportunity for the old-fashioned, quiet meditation, which made the saints of old so strong and confident. But, perhaps, herein is to be found our mistake, and the cause of spiritual "inertia" and failure. We find that the busier our Saviour's life was, the more time He had to pray, often stealing away from the pressing crowd, which thronged his steps, into the mountain-top alone to pray. Even when He did not have time for food, He found time to pray. "He prayeth best who loveth best."

Prayer is necessary; it is the oil of the lamp, the food of the spiritual palate, the electric current which keeps open the communication with the unseen.

Prayer Does Many Things for Us.

God gives light in prayer, and reveals His will in times of perplexity.

God gives assurance in prayer; clears away the fogs, and fears, the doubts and misgivings.

He gives peace in prayer. Calms the tempestuous billows which sweep over our souls in times of sorrow and darkness. The Lord gives confidence and courage through prayer.

The Lord gives His Holy Spirit in prayer, with its inspiration, joy, and comfort. He does not always give the answer we seek, but He gives submission through prayer.

Perhaps you will say, "Why does He not answer my prayer and remove the pain?" He may be moulding you in the same furnace as He passed through, for "He learned obed-

ience by the things which He had suffered." He will answer your prayer as the mother answers the pleadings of her little child, not always granting what is asked, but always giving what the mother-heart sees is best for its future good.

"Papa, I wish you would ask God to answer my prayer. I have such a little voice, and I am afraid God will not hear me for the singing of the angels. He will hear your big voice."

"Why, my dear, God would stop all the music to answer a little girl's prayer."

I cannot say that God will stop the heavenly choir to hear our petitions, but, however weak we feel our voices to be, and however humble our request, He will heed and answer in His own time for the fulfilling of His best purposes.

It is profitable to pray. All the spiritually great of all ages have been men and women of persistent prayer. It was when Ruth turned aside to rest in the heat of the noonday that the master, Boaz, gave orders that she was to have a better opportunity to glean; and it will be so with us, when we take time to wait upon the Lord, our efforts will be crowned with blessing. Then we shall come from His presence clothed with power and unction for service. If Christ, who was God as well as man, felt that He needed prayer, how much more do we need heart-to-heart, day by day, hour by hour, communion with God. He prayed because He was man. Even in Him, humanity at its best—feeble and dependent—was not sufficient for itself, but daily dependent upon God. He bade His disciples, "Come apart."

"Come, come," He saith, "O soul oppressed and weary,

Come to the shadows of My desert rest;
Come, walk with Me, far from life's babbling discords,

And peace shall breathe like music in thy breast.

"Art thou bewildered by contesting voices,
Sick to thy soul of party, noise, and strife?
Come, leave it all, and seek that solitude
Where thou shalt learn of Me a purer life."

(To be continued.)

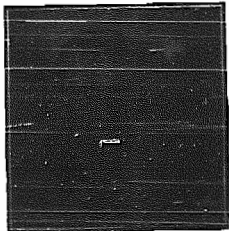
One of Our Locals.

(Continued from page 3.)

"I soon found out," he says, "that once again I had thrown away my chances, and must find another berth. It was a thousand pities, for a first-class operator here could make \$75 a month, and had only eight hours' duty per diem.

On to Montreal.

With the hope of getting in the G.N.W. Telegraph Company's main office, I made tracks for Montreal. Surely the good hand of God guided me thither.



Sergt.-Major Wilcox.

to save me. But the heavens seemed as brass, and I was not yet so desperately in earnest as to hang on in faith till the answer came. Later I had met Capt. LeDrew, and begged him to pray for me. He urged me to yield the very next time that I felt God's Spirit strive with me. At Montreal the remembrance of this and the promise I gave him came back, when one of the boys asked me to go to the Army on Sunday night.

Capt. Watson (now Mrs. Colonel Sharp) led the meeting. Her words were the exact message to me, surely directed by God's Spirit. God bless her.

"There's salvation for every soul in the building," she cried.

My heart smote me. "I am a miserable sinner, yet I count one, though a bad one," was the thought which traversed my mind. Somehow I could not make up my mind to volunteer.

"If she asks any who desire to be prayed for to raise their hand, I'll raise mine," I determined inwardly.

Sure enough that was the Captain's next tactic. My hand went up, and she came down to me, and very soon after I knelt at the penitent form. Oh, such a struggle it was! The light did not come quickly or easily, but at last I let go and cried,

"I Believe God Saves Me Now."

I did not feel any wonderful change, but He gave me grace to hang on. That was in the summer of 1891, and thank God I am saved to-day. Jesus is mine, and I am His. I am a Salvationist to the backbone, and glory in being a soldier. For seven years I continued in the employ of the G.N.W. Telegraph Co. at Montreal, and when I left this was the recommendation I received from the Circuit Manager:

"Mr. T. M. Wilcox was employed in this office from 1891 to 1898. He was a good sound operator, hard worker, and of excellent habits. Can cheerfully recommend him."

D. L. Moody used to say, "God receives men who have not got any reputation," and I go one better and add, "Yes, and gives them one."

To-day I am the Sergeant-Major of Wabana Mines corps. I deem it the most honorable position I have ever filled, and I long to fill it worthily in every respect.

My whole heart is in the work of the Army, and I would advise young men soldiers to give themselves to God for officership.

The world cannot possibly offer you any prospects half so bright as God can.

I have two dear little girls, and we are going to give them to God and the Army by-and-by.

"The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad."—T. M. Wilcox.



BROTHER THOMAS COUNTRYMAN, OF KINGSTON, TAKEN HOME.

On Sept. 18th death took from our midst our dear comrade, Bro. Thomas Countryman.

He first met the Army in Belleville, but was converted later on removal to Toronto, although he spent some part of his soldieryship in other western towns also. From thence he came to Kingston, as a guard in the Rockwood Asylum, where God made him a blessing to many.

Later, however, he filled the position of Superintendent at the House of Industry, where some sixty or seventy inmates learned to respect and love him for his kind, Christian care over them. Their unanimous testimony concerning him is expressed thus: "He was a good and kind man to us; we have nought but good to say of him."

Adj. Cameron, who visited him, perceived that quietly but surely he was passing from their midst, being both willing and ready to go.

At the funeral, which was largely attended by his fellowmembers of the local lodge of Oddfellows, their Chaplain spoke warmly of his Christian Character.

For a last time also the inmates of the House of Industry gathered to look once more upon their late friend.

Adj. Cameron, assisted by the Army band, conducted the service, and it is believed that much good was done.

A wife and brothers are left to mourn their loss, although not as those who have no hope.

The memorial service was largely attended on the following Sunday, Adj. Cameron telling the people, "I have yet to meet his equal."

BONAVISTA LOSES TWO COMRADES FROM THE FIGHTING RANKS.

Death, with relentless hand, has taken from our ranks our J. S. Treasurer, Virtue Power. She was, converted when young, and ever since could be depended upon. For some time she had been suffering from consumption, and through the summer months felt herself declining.

On Oct. 9th the summons came, and Virtue Power, at the age of 26, laid down the cross for the crown. Her years, though few, were not lived in vain; her life was consistent and devoted, and its influence will live on. She was resigned to the will of God, and was never heard to murmur or complain.

Just before dying she was asked if she was sorry for having lived a Christian life. She said, "Oh, no. We were I to live it again, it would be for God." At have no doubt that she is with the redeemed. At the grave of the departed we again pledged ourselves to God that we would meet our dear comrade in heaven.

We also regret the loss of a much-esteemed friend, in the person of Mrs. Abbott, mother of one of our soldiers. For years she has been relied upon as one of the Army friends. Her death was triumphant. All through her sickness she found the Lord her sufficiency.

At the memorial service, in memory of our two comrades, testimonies were given by the different comrades to the life and death of the departed ones. There was scarcely a dry eye in the place. The Spirit of God was felt, which resulted in souls being converted. Our prayers and sympathy are with the sorrowing ones.—Lieut. S. Cave.

GONE TO BE WITH THE ANGELS FROM ST. JOHN'S III. CORPS.

Another dear comrade has been removed from earth to heaven. Mother Martin, as she was widely known, had been suffering a long while, although sometimes able to sit in her chair. She brought great joy to those in the home and others who visited her, for whom she had some words of cheer and blessing. The writer always found her rejoicing in God and urging us to "Never give in, but go on." Sunday, the 15th of October, the call came. As she called her children around the bedside she asked them to pledge they would meet her in heaven. It was glorious to be in the heaven-filled room as her son sang, "There are angels hovering round," and while she was waiting for the banners of heaven to unfold she exclaimed, "I am going to be with Jesus. Don't cry for me." May God bless the bereaved ones in their trouble.

We loved her, yes, no tongue can tell
How much we loved her, nor how well
God loved her, too, and He thought best
To take her home, with Him to rest.
—Lieut. B. Spencer.

More News from Jerry.

Dear Ould Jerry,—

Shure an' it's a noisy ould time we're havin' in Dawson. Indade ye shud a ben at the matn last night. It wuz a musickie, an' the musick wud a charmed the hart of a wheel-barrel.

Adj. Cummins played a fiddle on a cornet. He bawled the musick right out of the big end of the horn, and made a grate attraction. Thin Captain

Adams stepped on the flure with a thing like a rat-trap fast to him. "He's goin' to catch a rat," says I to Pat, but he didn't; he just produced an instrument, dued all by himself. A mouth-organ and a mandolin wuz handied by the Captain all at once, just as he'd done it fer years.

Capt. New, our Balladeer, Jack Tar, wid his seaman's close on, sailed right into actin' wid a violin, a fiddle, and a tin can. The best musick I ever heerd wuz two violins and a fiddle. So he mightly liked wid Mister New. But the tin can racket wud a scared any decent haythen. At first we figured that he wuz goin' to ask us to give enough collection to fill that can. Thin when he started to toone it up we thought that he had an ould frog wud a litter of young wans in the business. But after he got started he made musick that was inexpressibly melodious. Just as the last strains of that same dined away a small woman wid a big smile on her face stood up and sang a purty invitation song.

"Pwud might her name be?" says Pat to me. "Why," says I, "that's Missus Cummins."

"Pwud does she do?" says he.

"Do?" says I: "why she takes care of the Cadeit, takes part in the matins, keeps her eye on the Adjutant, and sits aiveral hundreds of War Cry every mornin'."

The matn thin turned into a prayer matn, and hisseins were acknowledged on ivery hand.

Now, Mister Iditor, I may report that a few souls are beln' saved from time to time. Eighteen have been led to the cross during the last year, and we have a cash surplus of \$176 in our corps's pocket. I have only time to add that we expect to report a big revival purty soon.—Yr ould friend, Jerry.

For the Housewife.

Chinese Custard.—Wash very thoroughly in boiling water a cupful of rice, then allow it to stand in cold water for a few minutes, stir in a quarter of a cup of sugar and two quarts of milk. Pour the mixture into a deep baking dish, and bake for an hour in a moderate oven. When done, spread butter over top. Any desired flavor may be used.

Rhubarb Souffle.—Stew about a pound of rhubarb in a quarter of a cup of water and half a pound of sugar. When tender, strain through a sieve, and mix it into a quarter of a pound of cornstarch, then add the beaten yolks of two eggs and a little lemon juice. Take it from the fire, color it with a little cochineal, and add the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a buttered dish (only three-pours full to allow pudding to rise) and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Before serving tie a piece of paper round the basin, and send to the table as soon as possible.

Fish salads are good supper dishes, and take the place of cold meat. Use any kind of good white fish, halibut, if possible, or salmon. Flake it with a silver fork, and mix with an equal quantity of chopped celery or white cabbage. Place on lettuce leaves and pour over it a thick mayonnaise. For salmon use a white mayonnaise, but for white fish color slightly with green.

Queen Fritters.—Put one cup of water in a saucepan, place over the fire, and when boiling add two tablespoonfuls of butter, then stir and cook until it forms a ball and leaves the sides of the pan. When cool beat it into one, or a time, of corn eggs. Dip out by spoonful and drop in hot fat. When done drain on brown paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve. They may also be split open, filled with fruit, and served with a sauce.

Rice as a Health Food.—Considerable attention has been directed toward rice as a health food since the lighting qualities of the Japanese are being so widely discussed. It has always been commonly believed that rice lacks the ingredients that make most food for the human body. However, the most important article of diet of the Japanese is rice, and we have recently, if not before, had occasion to particularly note the physical strength of these small people of Japan. Rice, as it is eaten in America, is not a muscle-making food simply because in American mills the outer husk and bran of the rice kernel are removed by polishing, and this is removed that part of the rice which contains its protein, and which is the most nutritious part of the rice. In Japan, the outside coating of the rice kernel is retained, and hence great strength of muscle is developed in the Japanese.

To Clean Finger-Marks on Doors.—Rub the finger-marks with a clean piece of flannel dipped in tannin oil. The marks will disappear like magic. Afterwards wipe with a clean cloth wrung out of hot water to take away the smell. This is better than using soap and water, as it does not destroy the paint. Paraffin oil is also excellent for cleaning varnished hall doors which face a dusty roadway.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions, the smell will be entirely removed.

Pickles should never be kept in glass jars as the vinegar forms a poisonous compound with the glazing.

A cooking authority says that a few grains of salt sprinkled on coffee before the water is added will bring out and improve the flavor.

One does not get so tired of using the sewing machine if only the right foot is placed under the treadle, allowing but the toe of the left to touch the front edge.

Our Medical Column.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

Nervous Deafness.

This term was formerly very loosely applied; under it were included the affection just described—catarrh of the middle ear—as well as several others affecting the inner portion of the apparatus of hearing.

There are, however, certain conditions which may be described as "nervous deafness"—that is, deafness due to a disease of the nervous structures essential to hearing.

The perception of a sound involves a somewhat complicated process. As it ordinarily occurs, this process is as follows. The vibrations of the air cause a tremor of the curtain which is placed across the inner end of the long channel of the external ear; there lies in contact with the inner surface of the membrane a small bone shaped like a hammer; this is the first of a chain consisting of three small bones lying in such close contact that a slight movement of one is communicated to the other. The third bone of this chain lies in contact with another membrane, known as a bow channel, filled with fluid. In this fluid—arranged in a somewhat peculiar way—rest the ends of the nerves of hearing. A vibration, therefore, which sets the membrane of the ear in tremor is transmitted along these bones to the membrane closing the inner bony channel, and through this membrane is communicated to the liquid in which the nerve ends lie. The effect produced, however, is a bow channel, filled with fluid into which this liquid is thrown, causes in the individual the perception known as hearing. In order that this effect shall cause an impression upon the consciousness, it must be transmitted upon the nerves of hearing to the brain.

It is evident, therefore, that there are many opportunities for derangement of the apparatus so complicated as this. Some of these have already been mentioned. A catarrh of the middle ear, for instance, causes such a thickening of the membrane of the drum that it does not vibrate so readily, and hence does not transmit sound to the nervous apparatus. An accumulation of wax in the external meatus, or a disease of the middle ear, or a disease of the membrane of the drum. There are also diseases which affect the nervous part of the apparatus and cause deafness, although the drum of the ear, and all its belongings, may be perfectly healthy and in natural condition. Such cases are, therefore, termed "nervous deafness."

Such instances usually occur as the result of diseases affecting the brain and the membranes which cover it. Such deafness is frequently the result of "inflammation of the brain" and of cerebro-spinal meningitis. It occurs, too, as a sequel to other infectious diseases.

Symptoms.—Nervous deafness can be recognized as such only by the absence of all symptoms which would indicate a disease of the other parts of the ear. When it is found, upon close examination, that the membrane of the drum of the ear, as well as this cavity itself, and the various channels leading to it, are all in a perfectly natural condition, it may be inferred that whatever deafness exists is due to disease of the nerves concerned in hearing. This conclusion is in fact confirmed by the history of the patient, since he has usually suffered from brain fever or other severe disease which is known to occasion destruction of the sense of hearing.

Such an opinion can, of course, be established only by a surgeon; yet the non-professional observer can usually form a pretty accurate idea of the nature of the deafness in the following simple way: The individual is, we will suppose, quite deaf in one or both ears, usually in both, if the deafness be of nervous origin. Now let a tuning-fork be struck against the table and its handle held to the teeth of the individual, or placed against the head just behind the ear. If the cause of the deafness be located in the middle ear, the nervous part of the apparatus the individual will now hear more distinctly than when the tuning-fork is merely held near the ear without touching it. If, on the contrary, the difficulty be located in the nervous part of the apparatus the patient will not observe any marked difference when the tuning-fork is held in contact with the head.

The reason for this is, of course, evident. The nerves are the organs absolutely essential to hearing; the long part of the ear and the membrane of the drum are valuable merely to conduct the waves of air so that they will affect these nerves. Now vibrations are well conducted by the bones of the head, and, therefore, by the bones of the head the individual will hear distinctly better when the tuning-fork is placed against the bones of the head than he did before; it is evident the fault is in the part of the hearing apparatus whereby the vibrations are transmitted to the nerves, and not in these structures themselves; if, on the other hand, the patient cannot hear distinctly when the tuning-fork is held in contact with the head, it is evident that the fault must lie not in the conducting apparatus, but in the nerves themselves.

Treatment.—When it is definitely decided that the deafness results from disease of the nerve structures of long standing, all treatment may be abandoned, no means are known whereby these diseased nerves can be restored to their natural condition. Almost all the drugs known to the profession, and all other means, including electricity, have been employed in vain to remedy this unfortunate condition.

Yet it should never be assumed that this is actually the cause of the deafness until no further possi-

bility of doubt remains; if the disease be located in any other part of the ear, there is always hope that faithful and persistent employment of proper remedies may at least improve, if not entirely relieve, the deafness.

Our History Class.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XLIII.

GEORGE III.—A.D. 1760-1785.

After George II. reigned his grandson, George III., the son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who had died before his father. The Princess of Wales was a good woman, who tried to bring up her children well, and she was a useful son to her, and a good faithful man—always caring more to do right than for anything else. He had been born in England, and did not feel as if Hanover were his home, as his father and grandfather had done, but loved England, and English people, and ways. When he was at Windsor, he used to ride or walk about like a squirrel, and he had a ruddy, hearty face and manner, that made him sometimes be called Farmer George; and he had an odd way of saying, "What? what?" when he was spoken to, which made him be laughed at; but he was as good and true as any man who ever lived; and when he thought a thing was right, he was as firm as a rock in holding to it. He married a German princess named Charlotte, and they did their very utmost to make all those about them good. They had a very large family—no less than fourteen children—and it was long remembered what a beautiful sight it was when, after church on Sunday, the king and queen and their children used to walk up and down the stately terrace at Windsor Castle, with a band playing soft music, and they did not respectably descend allowed to come and look at them.

Just after George III. came to the crown, a great war broke out in the English colonies in America. A new tax had been made. A tax means the money that has to be given to the Government of a country to pay the judges and their officers, the soldiers and their officers, and to keep up ships and to do all that is wanted to protect us and keep us in order. Taxes are sometimes made by calling on everybody to pay money in proportion to what they have—say threepence for every hundred pounds; sometimes they are made by putting what is called a duty on something that is bought and sold—making the money more than its natural price—so that the Government gets the money above the right cost. This is generally done with things that people could live without, and had better not buy too much of—such as spirits, tobacco, and hair-powder. And as tea was still a new thing in England, which only the ladies drank, it was thought useless, and there was heavy duty on it, and the king wanted money. Now, the Americans got their tea straight from China, and thought that it was unfair that they should pay tax on it. So, though they used it much more than the English did, they gave it up, threw whole ship-loads of it into the harbor at Boston, and resisted the sailors. A gentleman named George Washington took the command, and they declared that they would fight for freedom from the other country. The French were beginning to think freedom was a fine thing, and at first a few French gentlemen came over to fight among the Americans, and then the king, Louis XVI., quarrelled with George III., and helped them openly.

(To be continued.)

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you are anyone going or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Eglar St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 68 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 915 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 348 Daly Ave.
Montreal, 460 St. Jean St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 69 1/2 St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 48 Gillingham St.
St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 488 Young St.
Calgary, N.W.T.,
Vancouver, B.C., 124 Pender St.

Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Matron.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, ready to assist them in all possible ways.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Connelton Thomas J. Connelton, 30 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. No charge should be made by the advertiser. In case of reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which will be paid by the advertiser. The advertiser is required to look regularly through this column, and notify the Conneltons if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

5137. GILLIS, JOHN. Age 61 years, height about six feet, dark hair and complexion, brown eyes. Left Scotland about seventeen years ago, and was last heard of in British Columbia.

5138. BREWER (or REES), WILLIAM. Welsh miner, age 46 years, height 5ft. 9in., dark brown hair and eyes, fair complexion. Has been in Canada about twenty years; last known address, Wellington, B.C.

5139. MORRICE, HENRY ANDREW. Age 46 years, height 5ft. 7in., dark hair and complexion, brown eyes, born in New York. Is a good linguist.

5140. PEDDIAR, THOMAS GELDAERT. Age 29 years, height 5ft. 10in., brown hair, light brown eyes, and light complexion. Is a marine fireman. Last known address, General Hospital, Montreal, Que.

5141. DODD, ESMONDE. Age 27 years, height 5ft. 7in., dark brown hair, hazel eyes, dark complexion. Has a brother in British Columbia.

5143. POSTER, MRS. Her last known address was, 525 Pembina St., Fort Rouge.

5145. HOPE, SUSAN. Age 29 years. Sent from Sutton School to Canada eighteen years ago. Last known address, Kingsville, Ont.

5146. MOORE, THOMAS. Age 42 years, 5ft. 10in., high, medium dark hair, blue eyes, rather dark complexion. Halls from Bolton district, Lancashire.

5147. EMILE, ERNEST ROBERT. Wears specialties. Born of the 17th of August, 1870, at Aux Brenets, Le Locle, Switzerland. Left Geneva in August, 1896.

5150. LEESE, WILLIAM. Age 38 years, height 5ft. 10in., dark brown hair, grey eyes, dark complexion; laborer. Left England nine years ago.

BIBLES.

You will soon be making plans about your Christmas Gifts. Don't forget that we have a special line of Bibles at most reasonable prices. Here are a few of them:

No. 1936.—Twenty-five is all we could secure of this style, and when they are gone no more can be had, which applies to any of the lines quoted in this advertisement. This Bible is bound in fine Morocco, printed on India paper, flexible ya, p, d edges, size 4 3/4 x 6 3/4, weight ten ounces. **\$1.75**
Postage 7 cts.

No. 1901. "ROYAL INDIA EDITION."—Bound in A 1 Morocco and printed on India paper, etc. Same size and weight as No. 1936, but is leather lined. Price **\$2.00**
Postage 7 cts.

No. 1938.—Silk sewn, leather lined, etc. In every respect a superior and handsome Bible. Bound in a delicate dark brown Morocco. **\$2.50**
Price
Postage 7 cts.

No. 1896.—We present to our customers an opportunity to secure a Bible that is really beautiful and among the best that skilled workmanship can produce. Bound in extra fine grained Morocco, silk sewn, and leather lined, printed on special India paper, containing twelve maps, list of Biblical names and index to Bible Atlas. Size 4 3/4 x 6 3/4, weight twelve ounces. **\$3.00**
Price
Postage 7 cts.

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER.

For 25 cts. extra we will stamp your name in Gold.

THE TRADE SECRETARY,

S. A. TEMPLE,
ALBERT ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Songs of the Week.

HOLINESS.

Tune.—Welcome, Sweet Day (N.B.B. 76); Silchester (N.B.B. 76).

- 1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable:
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whose'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

WAR AND EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—Never Run Away (N.B.B. 52).

- 2 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinité day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Chorus.

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again!
What, never part again?
No, never part again.
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

Tune.—Never Run Away (N.B.B. 52).

- 3 To save the world is our desire,
For enemies we pray!
We'll never tire, we'll stand the fire,
And never, never run away.

Chorus.

We're marching on to conquer all,
Before our God the world shall fall.
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never, never run away!
What, never run away?
What, never run away?
No, never run away!
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never, never run away.

Sin's greatest strongholds we'll attack,
Our Captain we'll obey;
The foe shall yet be driven back,
We'll never, never run away.

With holy might the foe we'll smite,
The monster, sin, to slay;
For God we'll fight, we know we're right,
We'll never, never run away.

Onward we'll march, with flag unfurled,
Jesus shall be the way;
Like Him who died to save the world,
We'll never, never run away.

SALVATION.

Tune.—My Jesus, I Love Thee (N.B.B. 185).

- 4 O boundless salvation! deep ocean of love,
O fullness of mercy Christ brought from above!
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—come, roll over me!

My sins they are many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep,
But useless is weeping, Thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me, come, roll over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of "one mighty to save."
My faith's growing bolder, delivered I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters, they roll over me!

Tune.—Oh, Where Do You Journey, My Brother?

- 5 Oh, think of the claims of thy Saviour!
Oh, think of the path that He trod!
How weary He was, and forsaken,
To bring guilty rebels to God!
And thought, far in sin you have wandered,
Left virtue, and goodness, and right;
Though talents you've wasted and squandered,
Yet Jesus can save you to-night.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus can save you to-night!
Yes, Jesus can save you to-night!
Forsake the broad way to destruction,
For Jesus can save you to-night!

No matter what kind of transgressor,
No sinner's admitted on high;
Unless a salvation possessor,
No hope will you have when you die.
Give heed to the blest invitation,
And overboard cast self and pride,
For sinners of every station,
There's pardon with Christ crucified.

JESUS IS ENOUGH FOR ME.

By Frederick Dannhower, Drummer, Lippincott.

Tune.—Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

- 6 Although tempests may surround me,
Every ray of light he fled,
On my way the thorns be many,
Rough the path I'm called to tread;
But in spite of all, still onward
Will I go, and faithful be,
I will never be discouraged,
Jesus is enough for me.

Chorus.

Oh, how precious is My Jesus,
Dearest, sweetest, ever blest;
He's the fairest One in heaven,
And on earth of friends the best.

If I want to live to please Him,
I to all that's wrong must die;
Say good-bye to care and comfort,
Daily live with Him in life,
And although my cross be heavy,
Dark the path He leadeth me,
I will never be discouraged,
Jesus is enough for me.

Should my cross be very painful,
Jesus will my strength renew.
Whatever comes, I will be faithful
To my vows, to Him be true,
And with confidence I'll follow
Whereas'er He leadeth me,
I will always be found trusting,
Jesus is enough for me.

Second Chorus.

In my heart there flows a river
Of sweet peace, so calm and deep;
Jesus is its only giver,
He my heart does safely keep.

BLESSED BE THE NAME!

Tune. Blessed be the Name (B.J. 43).

- 7 O sinner, come to Jesus and give your heart to Him,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
And He will make you holy and save you from all sin,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Chorus.

When the stars from the elements are falling,
And the moon shall be turned into blood,
And the children of the Lord are returning home to God,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

It does not matter whether you are black or white,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
For God says "Whosoever" can come and be put right,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

And when the Lord does call us to cross cold Jordan's tide,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
I'm sure that He will help us, and be close by our side,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

When our warfare will be over, and all the work be done,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
We'll stand our places together and about the "Hallelujah Home,"
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

DEATH-CHAMBER HEART-SEARCHINGS.

Tune.—I Never Can Forget the Day.

- 8 While standing by the little bed
On which my darling child lay dead,
I wondered what my end would be,
Where I would spend eternity.
Am I prepared to meet my God?
Should I be summoned, what my lot?
Is't heaven? Is't hell? One it must be;
Somewhere I'll spend eternity.

'Tis true, I came some years ago
And plunged into the crimson flow;
My many sins were then forgiven,
I was made fit to go to heaven.
Since then I've tried to do the right:
By walking daily in the light;
But am I what I ought to be?
Is Jesus always pleased with me?

Thank God, I know my heart is right
With God, and my experience bright,
For in the sunshine of His smile,
I have been walking all the while.
And if death calls me, I've no fear
To meet my God, my course is clear;
And by His help, and by His grace,
I'll live to please Him all my days.

Fred Dannhower,
Drummer, Lippincott.

COMING EVENTS.

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. PUGMIRE.

Assisted by the Prison Gate Staff, will conduct Great Meetings in the Temple, Albert St., Toronto, as follows: Sunday, Nov. 19th, Great Battle for Souls; Monday, Nov. 20th, the Colonel will deliver an address on the Prison Work of the Salvation Army in the Dominion, at 8 p.m.

LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. GASKIN.

Will visit Lippincott Corps, Sunday, November 18.

BR. GADIER AND MRS. SOUTHALE.

Will visit Lippincott Corps, Sunday, November 18.

BIOSCOPIC TOUR OF STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN.

Quebec, Fri., Nov. 17; Montreal, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Nov. 18, 19, 20; Cornwall, Tues., Nov. 21; Gananoque, Wed., Nov. 22; Campbellford, Thurs., Nov. 23; Peterboro, Fri., Nov. 24.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Bloss.—Sudbury, Nov. 18, 19, 20; Sturgeon Falls, Nov. 21; North Bay, Nov. 22; Sundridge, Nov. 23; Parry Sound, Nov. 25, 26, 27; Huntsville, Nov. 28; Orillia, Nov. 29; Midland, Nov. 30, Dec. 1; Barrie, Dec. 2, 3, 4; Collingwood, Dec. 5, 6; Meaford, Dec. 7; Chesley, Dec. 8; Owen Sound, Dec. 9, 10, 11; Furberham, Dec. 12, 13; Orangeville, Dec. 14.

Ensign Poole.—Forest, Nov. 15; Petrolia, Nov. 16, 17; Strathroy, Nov. 18, 19; London, Nov. 20; Stratford, Nov. 21, 22; Seaforth, Nov. 23; Clinton, Nov. 24; Goderich, Nov. 25, 26; Wingham, Nov. 27; Listowel, Nov. 29, 30; Palmerston, Dec. 1, 2, 3; Guelph, Dec. 4, 5; Hespeler, Dec. 6, 7; Galt, Dec. 8, 9, 10; Paris, Dec. 11, 12; Brantford, Dec. 13, 14.

Ensign Edwards.—Gananoque, Dec. 1, 2, 3; Breckville, Dec. 4, 5; Algonquin, Dec. 6; Prescott, Dec. 7; Morrisburg, Dec. 9, 10, 11; Cornwall, Dec. 12, 13; Montreal, Dec. 14, 15.

Ensign Mercer.—Regina, Nov. 18, 19; Lumsden, Nov. 20; Saskatoon, Nov. 21, 22; Prince Albert, Nov. 24, 25, 26; Rostern, Nov. 27; Regina, Nov. 29; Weyburn, Nov. 30; Summerberry, Dec. 1, Moosemin, Dec. 2, 3; Virden, Dec. 4; Brandon, Dec. 5; Carberry, Dec. 6, 7; Welwood, Dec. 8; Neepawa, Dec. 9, 10; Minto, Dec. 11; Dauphin, Dec. 12, 13; Mackinack, Dec. 14.

Ensign Campbell.—Inverness, November 11; Port Hood, November 19, 20; New Glasgow, November 21; Stellarton, November 22; Westport, Nov. 23; Charlottetown, Nov. 25, 26; Summersburg, Nov. 27, 28; Moncton, Nov. 29; Sackville, Nov. 30; Amherst, Dec. 1; London, Dec. 2, 3; Parramatta, Dec. 4; Springhill, Dec. 6; Hillsboro, Dec. 7; New Castle, Dec. 8; Campbellton, Dec. 9, 10; Chatham, Dec. 11; Fredericton, Dec. 12, 13.

For Sale.—A splendid Guitar. Good tone, practically new, union make, with case, \$10. A. B. B. Apply Editor War Cry, 18 Albert St., Toronto.